

✓
Heart-

Cheering

Songs

FOR USE IN

Evangelistic
and Young People's
Meetings, Sunday Schools, etc.

BY

✓
CHARLES J. BUTLER



PHILADELPHIA

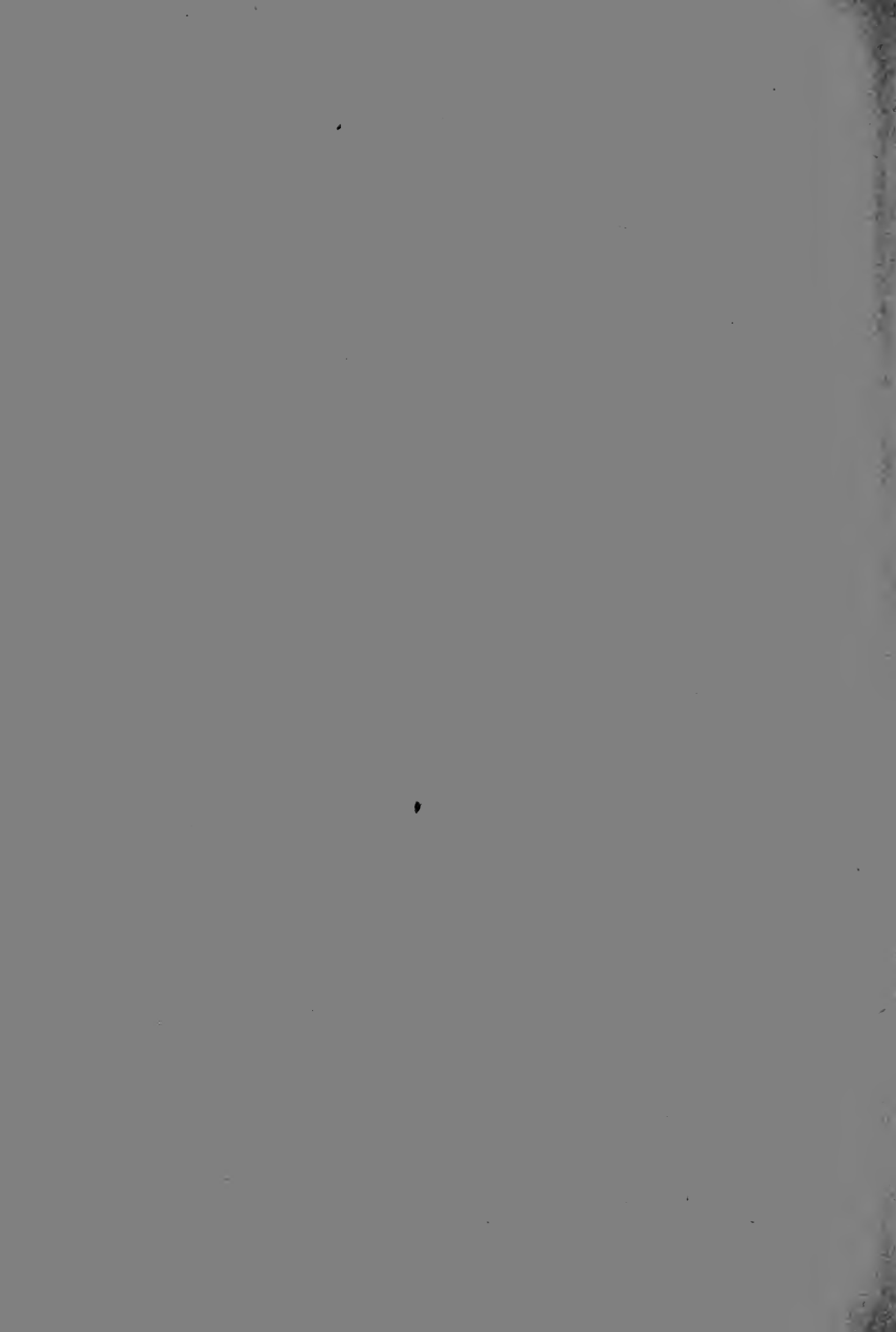
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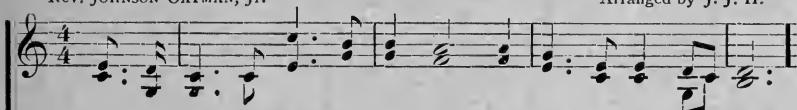


HEART CHEERING SONGS

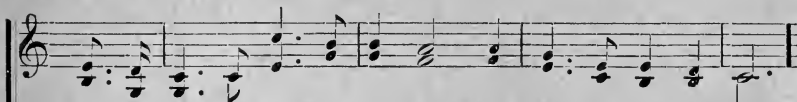
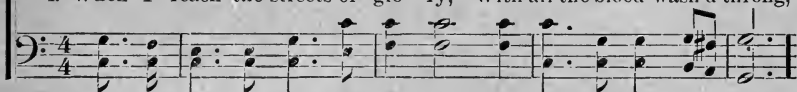
Beneath the Fountain.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

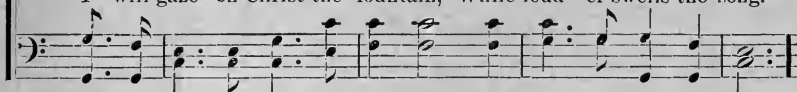
Arranged by J. J. H.



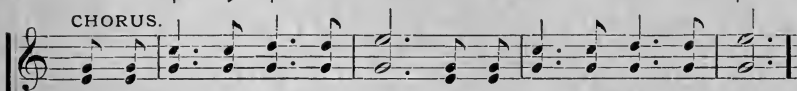
1. There is in the house of Da-vid A fountain deep and wide,
2. For the heal-ing of the na-tions 'Twas o-pened by our Lord,
3. "Tho' your sins may be as scar-let," Come to the fountain's flow;
4. When I reach the streets of glo-ry, With all the blood-wash'd throng,



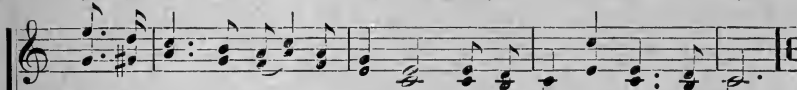
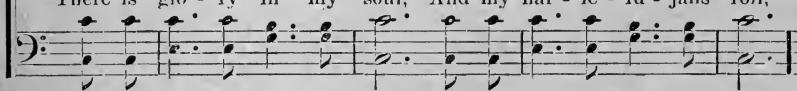
And it flows from Calv'ry's mountain, Where Christ was cru-ci-fied.
Millions who have tried the fountain Thro' grace have been restored.
"Tho' they may be red like crimson, I'll make them white as snow."
I will gaze on Christ the fountain, While loud-er swells the song.



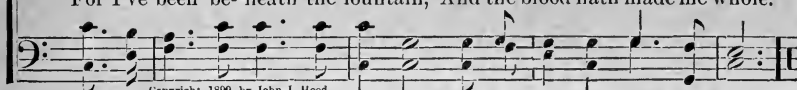
CHORUS.



There is glo-ry in my soul, And my hal-le-le-lu-jahs roll,



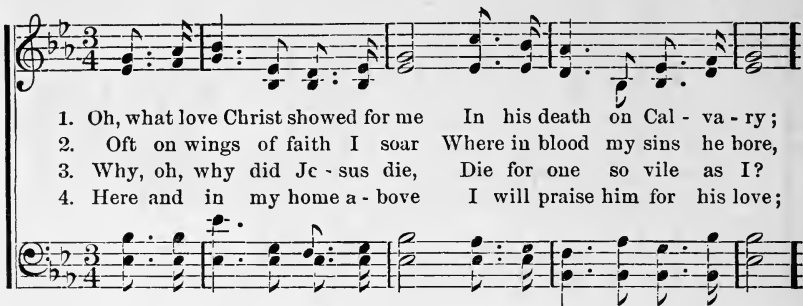
For I've been be-neath the fountain, And the blood hath made me whole.



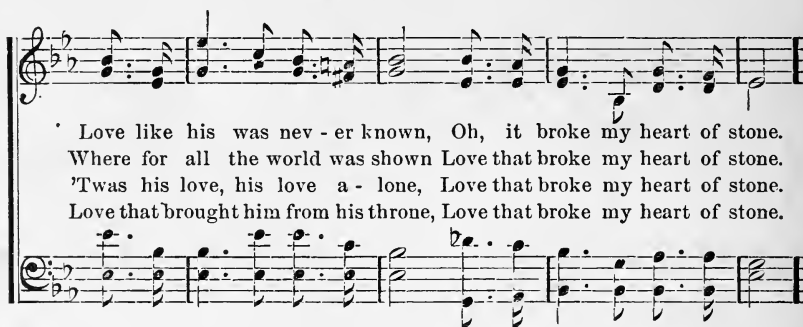
It Broke my Heart of Stone.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.



1. Oh, what love Christ showed for me In his death on Cal - va - ry;
 2. Oft on wings of faith I soar Where in blood my sins he bore,
 3. Why, oh, why did Je - sus die, Die for one so vile as I?
 4. Here and in my home a - bove I will praise him for his love;

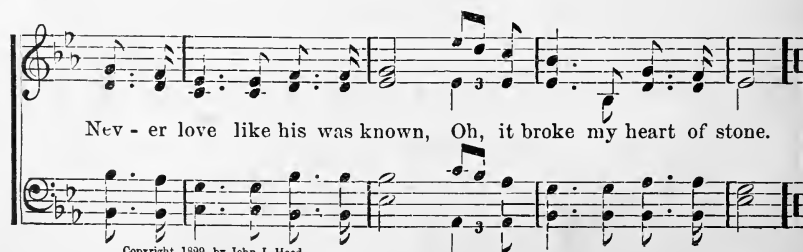


Love like his was nev - er known, Oh, it broke my heart of stone.
 Where for all the world was shown Love that broke my heart of stone.
 'Twas his love, his love a - lone, Love that broke my heart of stone.
 Love that brought him from his throne, Love that broke my heart of stone.

CHORUS.



Je - sus' love, his love to me He displayed on Cal - va - ry;



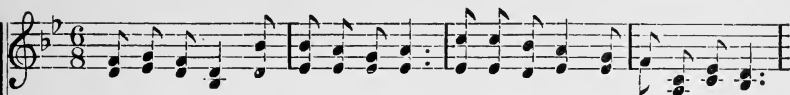
Nev - er love like his was known, Oh, it broke my heart of stone.

Thinking of Home.

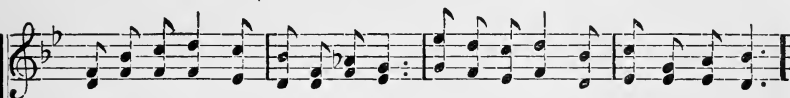
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Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

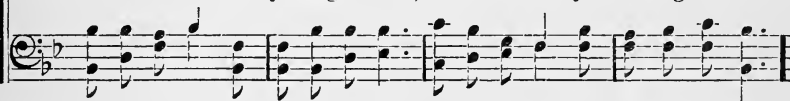
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



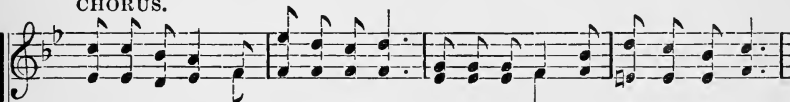
1. In that fair cit - y, over life's sea, There is a mansion waiting for me;
2. Father and mother gone to that shore, Home of my childhood open no more;
3. Brother and sister dwell in that land, Dear little rosebuds pluck'd from my hand;
4. O- ver the river soon I will glide, With the dear Saviour close to my side;



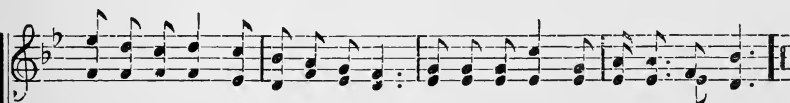
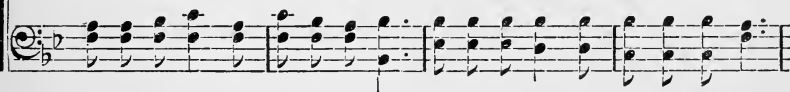
So on God's footstool tho' I may roam, All of the way I'm thinking of home.
Are they not watching over the foam, Waiting, while I am thinking of home?
Are not my lov'd ones beckoning come, Oh, do they know I'm thinking of home?
But till I reach that city's bright dome, I shall be always thinking of home.



CHORUS.



Thinking of home, yes, thinking of home, Beautiful home, my heavenly home;



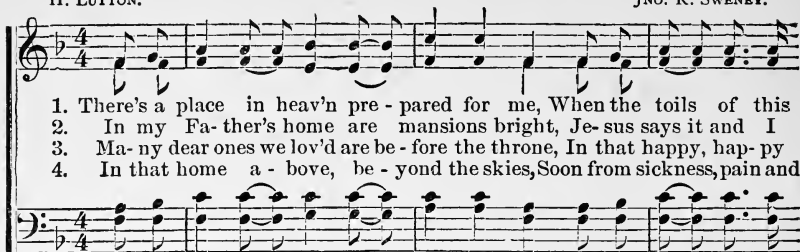
Tho' from its portals long I may roam, All of the way I'm thinking of home.



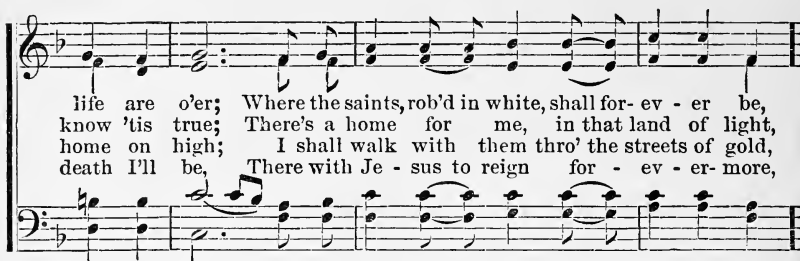
Jesus Promised Me a Home.

H. LUTTON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

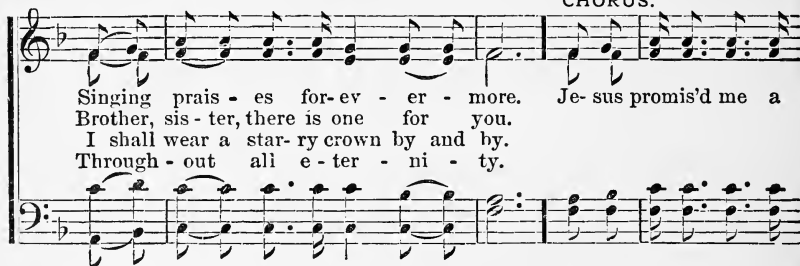


1. There's a place in heav'n pre - pared for me, When the toils of this
 2. In my Fa - ther's home are mansions bright, Je - sus says it and I
 3. Ma - ny dear ones we lov'd are be - fore the throne, In that happy, hap - py
 4. In that home a - bove, be - yond the skies, Soon from sickness, pain and



life are o'er; Where the saints, rob'd in white, shall for - ev - er be,
 know 'tis true; There's a home for me, in that land of light,
 home on high; I shall walk with them thro' the streets of gold,
 death I'll be, There with Je - sus to reign for - ev - er - more,

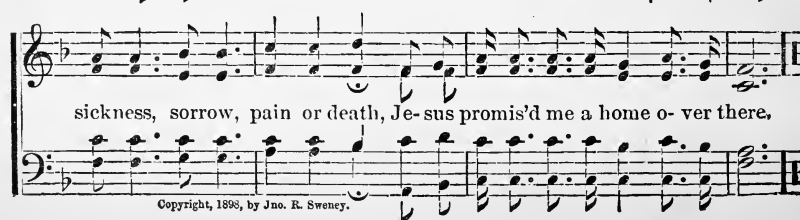
CHORUS.



Singing prais - es for - ev - er - more. Je - sus promis'd me a
 Brother, sis - ter, there is one for you.
 I shall wear a star - ry crown by and by.
 Through - out all e - ter - ni - ty.



home o - ver there, Je - sus promis'd me a home o - ver there; No more



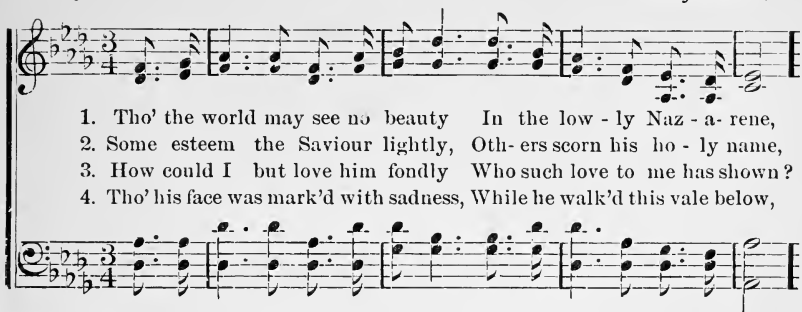
sickness, sorrow, pain or death, Je - sus promis'd me a home o - ver there,

Christ, the Fairest of the Fair.

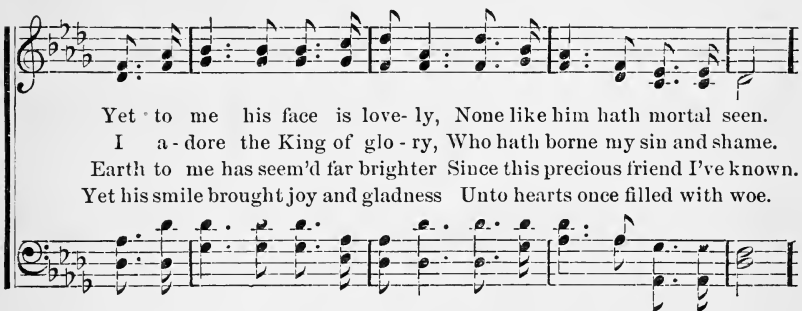
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C. J. E.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.



1. Tho' the world may see no beauty In the low - ly Naz - a - rene,
2. Some esteem the Saviour lightly, Oth - ers scorn his ho - ly name,
3. How could I but love him fondly Who such love to me has shown?
4. Tho' his face was mark'd with sadness, While he walk'd this vale below,

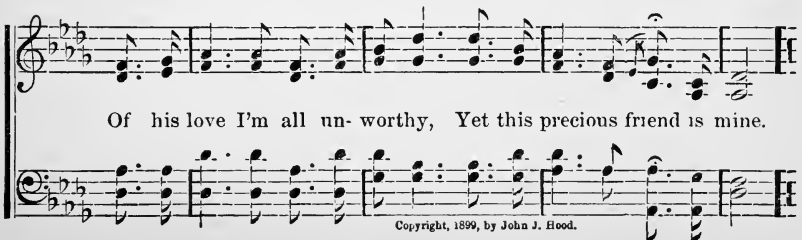


Yet to me his face is love - ly, None like him hath mortal seen.
I a - dore the King of glo - ry, Who hath borne my sin and shame.
Earth to me has seem'd far brighter Since this precious friend I've known.
Yet his smile brought joy and gladness Unto hearts once filled with woe.

CHORUS.



Yes, his face to me is love - ly, Beaming bright with love divine;



Of his love I'm all un - worthy, Yet this precious friend is mine.

On to Victory.

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

March time.

1. Hark! hark, the trumpet sounding, Rise at the break of day,
 2. March-ing like valiant sol-diers, Stead-y our steps and true,
 3. Then shall the path be bright-er, No more by care oppress'd,

On to the front where sin is abounding, Forward, the call o - bey;
 Faith in our Leader, no thought of danger, Fear and alarm, a - dieu;
 Firm in our purpose, true in our motives, Hop - ing for what is best;

Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Go forth in faith to con - quer,
 On, tho' the world oppress thee, On, tho' the foe dis - tress thee,
 Trusting the King of glo - ry, Tell - ing the old, old sto - ry,

Hear, hear the Captain's words inspiring, On, soldiers, on to the fray.
 Steadfast and firm, keep moving on till Fair Canaan's land stands in view.
 Waiting the Master's call to en - ter In - to the ha - ven of rest.

CHORUS.

Forward, then, with banners waving high, Forward, as we shout the battle-cry,

Onward in the conflict, hop-ing, trusting, On to vic - to - ry!

Living Water.

JESSE P. TOMPKINS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Bless-ed words that with me dwell, Sweetly spoken at the well,
2. Bless-ed words, in sweet re - frain, Drink and nev-er thirst a - gain,
3. Gushing streams that nev-er cease, Bringing ec - sta - cy and peace,

Where our Saviour sat one day, Resting, wea-ry by the way.
Wa - ter from the fount of love, From the crystal streams a - bove.
Thro' the vale of tears and woe, Healing streams that ev-er flow.

CHORUS.

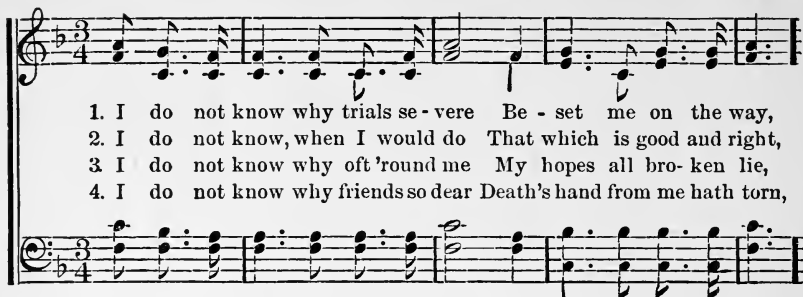
"I will be with-in thee, A well of wa-ter, a well of water,

Spring - - ing up in - to ev - er - last - ing life."
Springing up, yes, springing up,

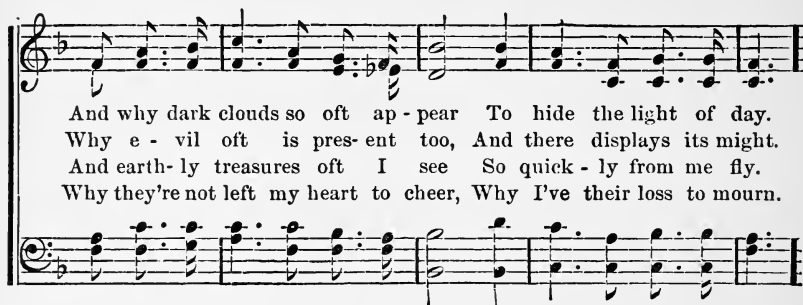
Soon I Shall Know.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

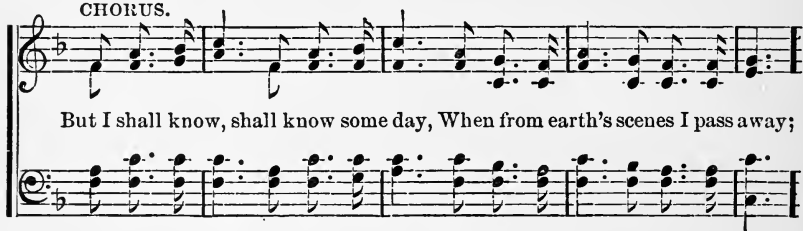


1. I do not know why trials se - vere Be - set me on the way,
 2. I do not know, when I would do That which is good and right,
 3. I do not know why oft 'round me My hopes all bro - ken lie,
 4. I do not know why friends so dear Death's hand from me hath torn,

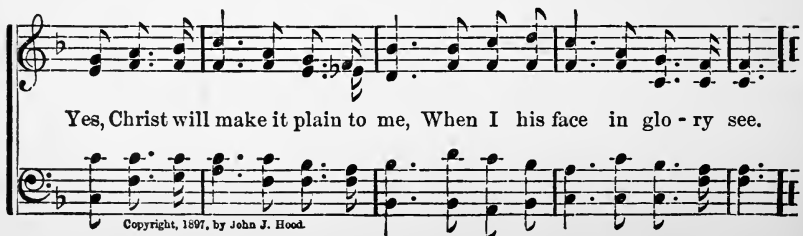


And why dark clouds so oft ap - pear To hide the light of day.
 Why e - vil oft is pres - ent too, And there displays its might.
 And earth - ly treasures oft I see So quick - ly from me fly.
 Why they're not left my heart to cheer, Why I've their loss to mourn.

CHORUS.



But I shall know, shall know some day, When from earth's scenes I pass away;



Yes, Christ will make it plain to me, When I his face in glo - ry see.

The Glad Home-Gathering.

9

ADA BLENKHORN.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. By and by I know there'll be, by the shining crystal sea, Such a
2. Friend with friend again will meet, O the welcome will be sweet, At the
3. Christ the Lamb shall be our light, we shall walk with him in white, At the
4. There's an in - vi - ta - tion free, and it comes to you and me, To the
5. Praise the Lord! I'm go - ing too, now by faith the scene I view, At the

glad home-gath'ring by and by; When we walk the golden strand in that
glad home-gath'ring by and by; We shall meet to part no more on that
glad home-gath'ring by and by; He will wipe a - way our tears, he will
glad home-gath'ring by and by; Who - so - ev - er will may share in the
glad home-gath'ring by and by; By his grace and mer - cy free, with the

CHORUS.

bright and blessed land, At the glad home-gath'ring by and by. There will be a
fair and blissful shore, At the glad home-gath'ring by and by.
banish all our fears, At the glad home-gath'ring by and by.
joyful meeting there, At the glad home-gath'ring by and by.
ransomed I will be, At the glad home-gath'ring by and by.

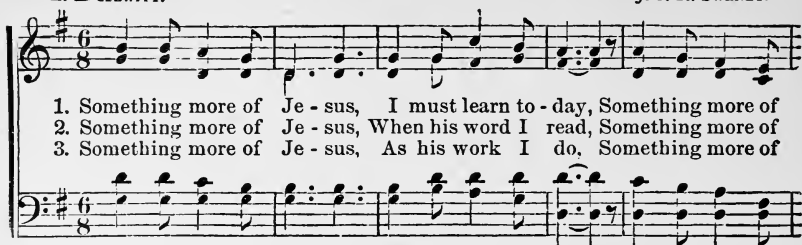
glad home-gath'ring by and by, There will be a glad home-gath'ring by and by; When [the

Lord shall bid us come to his bright, celestial home, To the glad home-gath'ring by [and by.

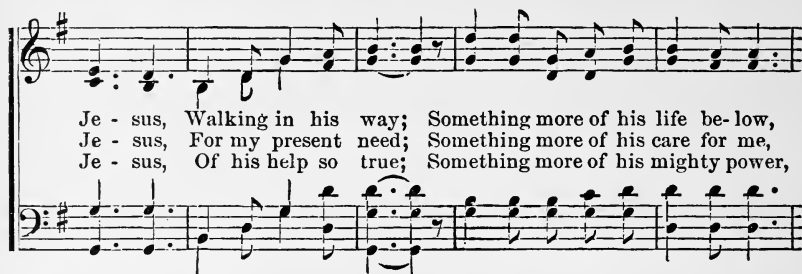
Something More of Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

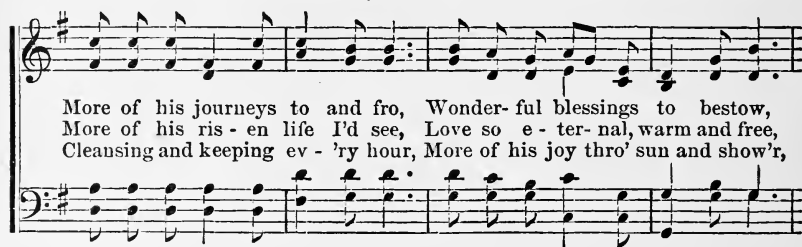
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Something more of Je - sus, I must learn to - day, Something more of
 2. Something more of Je - sus, When his word I read, Something more of
 3. Something more of Je - sus, As his work I do, Something more of

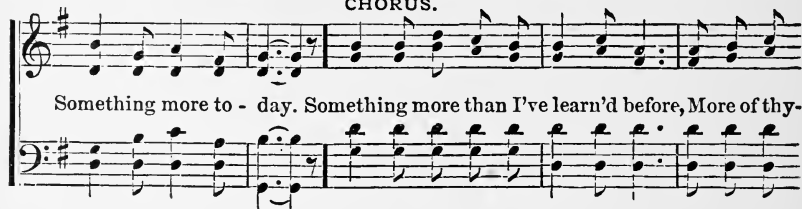


Je - sus, Walking in his way; Something more of his life be - low,
 Je - sus, For my present need; Something more of his care for me,
 Je - sus, Of his help so true; Something more of his mighty power,




More of his journeys to and fro, Wonder - ful blessings to bestow,
 More of his ris - en life I'd see, Love so e - ter - nal, warm and free,
 Cleansing and keeping ev - 'ry hour, More of his joy thro' sun and show'r,

CHORUS.



Something more to - day. Something more than I've learn'd before, More of thy-



self, I pray; More of thy love, blessed Friend above, Something more to-day.

My Mother's Face.

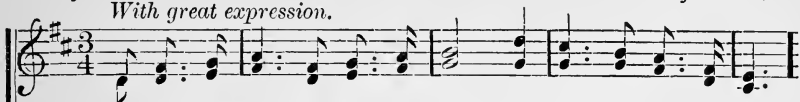
11

When a lad, just after the death of my mother, in company with some gay companions, I strayed into a gilded saloon; I had only been there a short time when I seemed to see the face of my mother, and the thought came to me, what would she think if she saw me here? I quickly resolved to leave the place, and soon found my way to the house of prayer, and sought and found my mother's God.

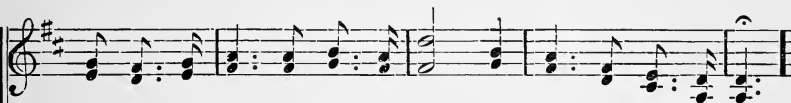
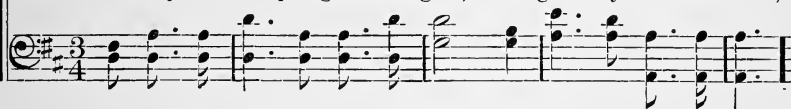
C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

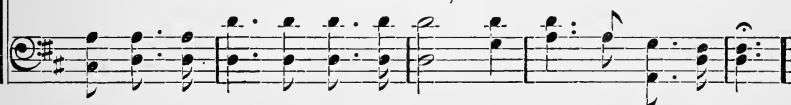
With great expression.



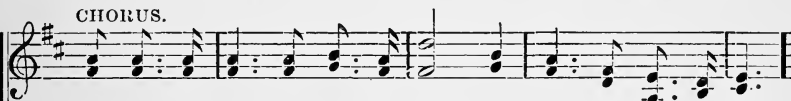
1. On mem'ries wall engrav - en stands My mother's precious face;
2. The clouds from sorrow's drear-y night, Oft o'er her face would drift;
3. I saw her face in death grow cold, I saw it laid a - way;
4. When in the haunts of sin I strayed, Lo! mother's face was there;
5. Some day within you gates of gold, Thro' grace my feet shall stand;



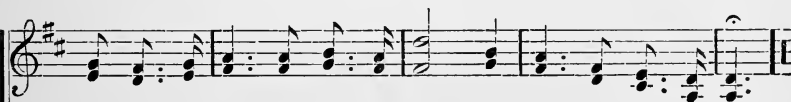
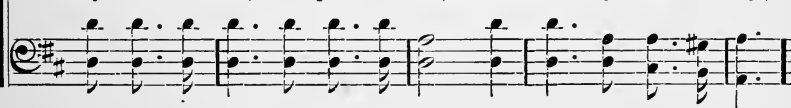
Time's rude and ev - er bus - y hands, Naught from it can e - rase.
 But faith, which shone so clear and bright, Those sa - ble clouds would lift.
 But yet me-thinks I still be - hold, That same sweet face to-day.
 That look made gild - ed pleasures fade, I sought the house of pray'r.
 There mother's face I will be - hold, A - mid the blood-wash'd band.



CHORUS.



My mother's face, her precious face, In mem - 'ry lives to-day;



Time's hand some pictures may e - rase, Her face ne'er fades a - way.



The Friend You Need.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. There is no one like the Saviour, with his love so true, He is
 2. There is no one like the Saviour when the heart is sad, He will
 3. There is no one like the Saviour, for he knows each heart, And his

full of ten-der pit-y as he calls for you; Oh, believe him and re-
 comfort and sustain you, he will make you glad; When life's morrow glooms with
 sym-pathy so read-y will its peace impart; Come be-fore him and a-

ceive him as you hear him plead, For this dear and loving Saviour is the
 sorrow, and your faith grows dim, You can tell the loving Saviour of your
 dore him, make his love your creed, For this dear and loving Saviour is the

CHORUS.

Friend you need. He's the Friend you need all the way, He's the
 need of him.
 Friend you need. all the way,

Friend you need ev'ry day; Oh, believe him and receive him as you
 ev-'ry day;



hear him plead, For this dear and loving Saviour is the Friend you need.

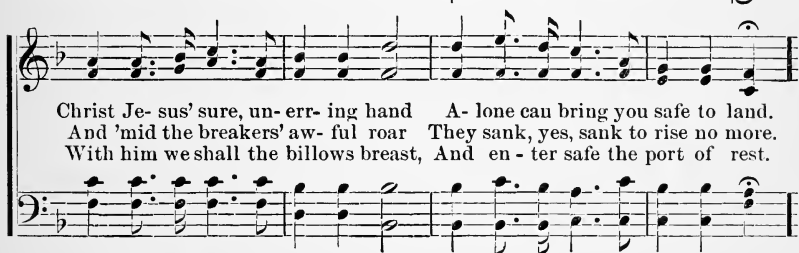
Say, Who's Your Pilot?

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

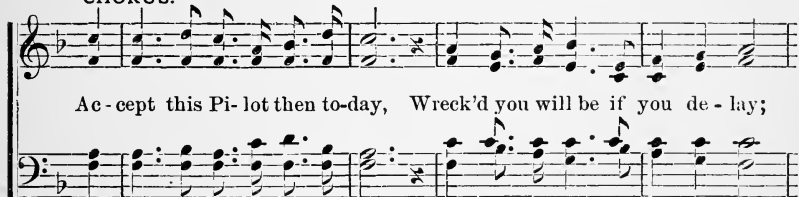


1. O brother, on life's treach'rous sea, Say, who's the pi- lot guiding thee?
2. All who've been wreck'd on sin's dark strand, Refus'd the guidance of his hand,
3. This Pilot from yon heav'nly shore Our lov'd ones guided safe- ly o'er;

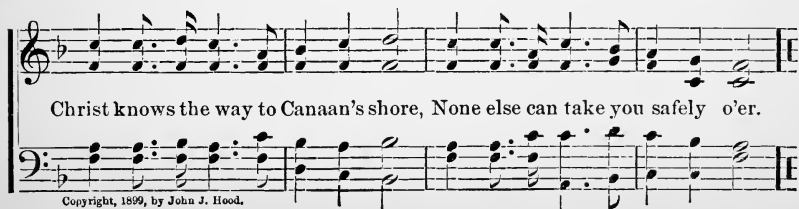


Christ Je- sus' sure, un- err- ing hand A- lone can bring you safe to land.
 And 'mid the breakers' aw- ful roar They sank, yes, sank to rise no more.
 With him we shall the billows breast, And en- ter safe the port of rest.

CHORUS.



Ac- cept this Pi- lot then to-day, Wreck'd you will be if you de- lay;

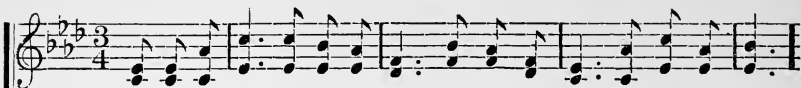


Christ knows the way to Canaan's shore, None else can take you safely o'er.

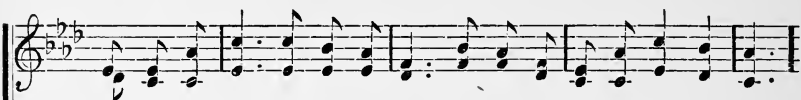
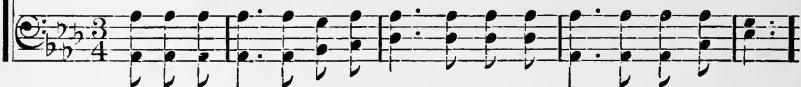
Higher Ground.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

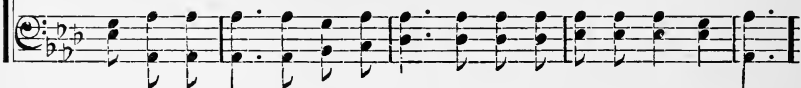
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dismay;
3. I want to live above the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurl'd;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;



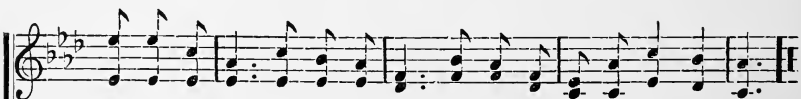
Still praying as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
 Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is higher ground.
 For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
 But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."



CHORUS.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heaven's ta-ble-land;



A higher plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.



With Jesus.

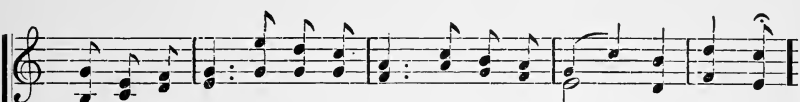
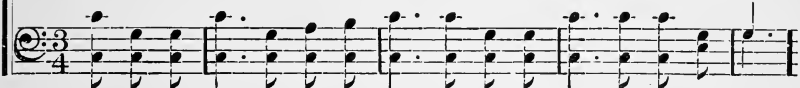
15

REV. D. W. GORDON.

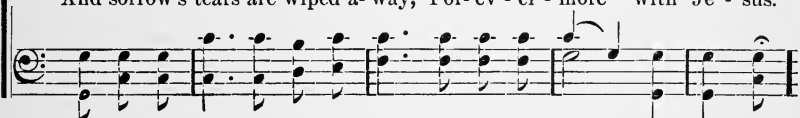
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. When from the scenes of earth we rise, To find our home beyond the skies,
2. The storms of life will all be o'er, Our souls be tempest-toss'd no more,
3. Redeemed from sin and saved by grace, We shall behold his blessed face,
4. With him in glo - ry e'er to stay, Where founts of living waters play,



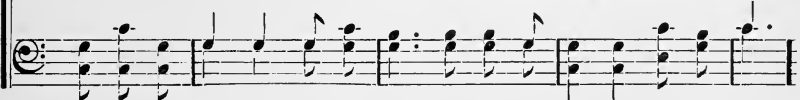
What visions then shall greet our eyes, When we shall be with Je - sus!
 When we have reach'd the golden shore, For we shall be with Je - sus.
 The wonders of his love to trace, As we shall be with Je - sus.
 And sorrow's tears are wiped a-way, For - ev - er - more with Je - sus.



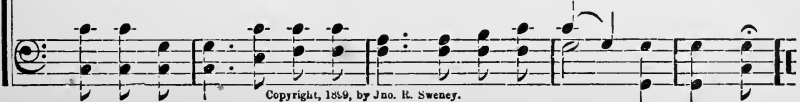
CHORUS.



To be with Je - sus, O how sweet! With saints and angels at his feet,



With songs we shall each other greet, And ev - er be with Je - sus.



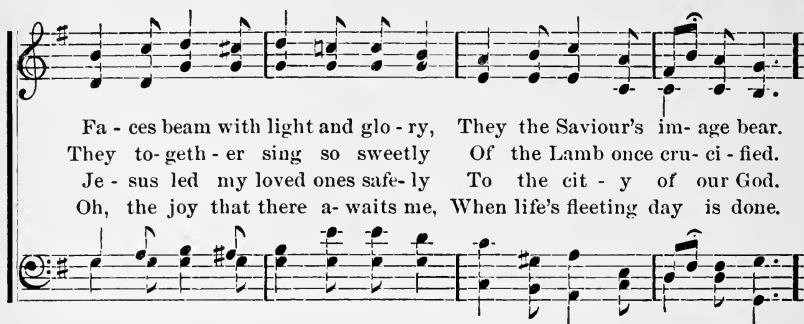
No Sorrow In That City.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

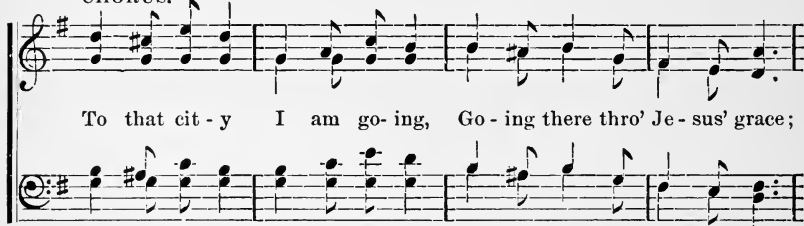


1. O - ver in you ho - ly cit - y. Sor - row is a stranger there;
 2. In the homes of that pure cit - y Saints of ev - 'ry clime a-bide;
 3. Some now in that glorious cit - y Once with me life's pathway trod;
 4. Nev - er on that gold - en cit - y Fall the rays of set - ting sun;



Fa - ces beam with light and glo - ry, They the Saviour's im - age bear.
 They to - geth - er sing so sweetly Of the Lamb once cru - ci - fied.
 Je - sus led my loved ones safe - ly To the cit - y of our God.
 Oh, the joy that there a - waits me, When life's fleeting day is done.

CHORUS.



To that cit - y I am go - ing, Go - ing there thro' Je - sus' grace;



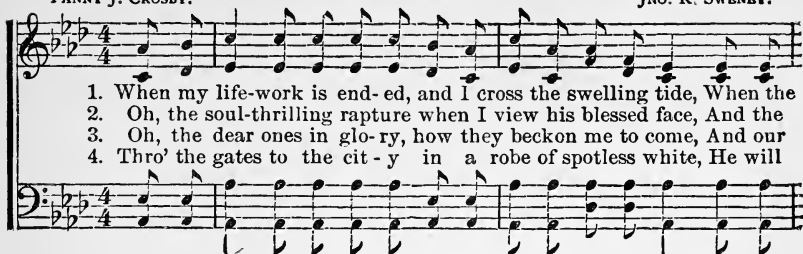
Streams of joy are ev - er flowing Thro' that pure and ho - ly place.

My Saviour First of All.

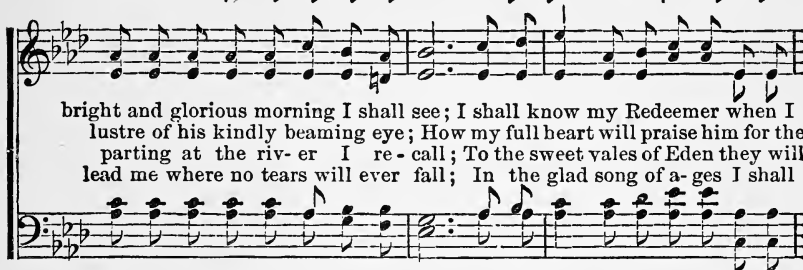
17

FANNY J. CROSEY.

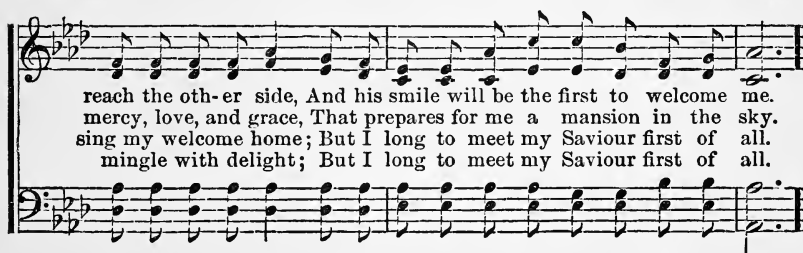
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view his blessed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spotless white, He will

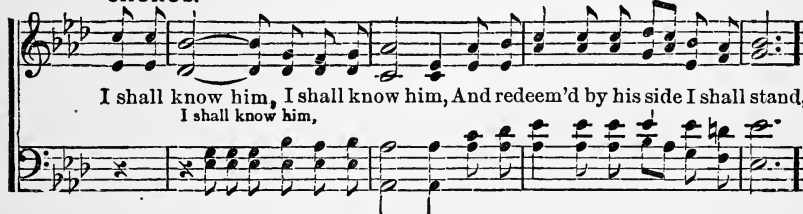


bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
lustré of his kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise him for the
parting at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of Eden they will
lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall

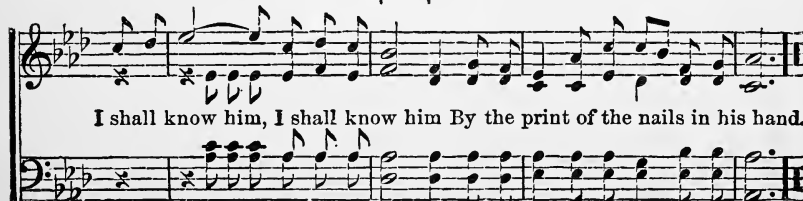


reach the oth-er side, And his smile will be the first to welcome me.
mercy, love, and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.
sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
mingle with delight; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

CHORUS.



I shall know him, I shall know him, And redeem'd by his side I shall stand,
I shall know him,

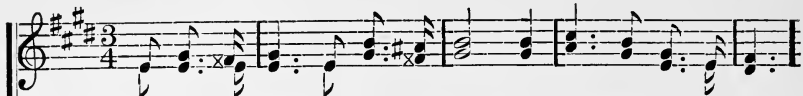


I shall know him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hand.

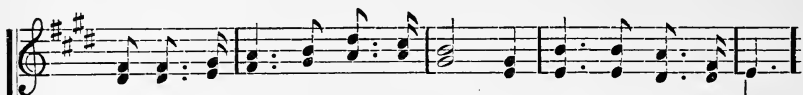
When Christ is In the Heart.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



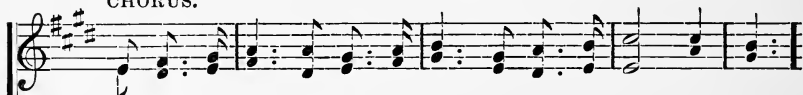
1. No scenes of mirth up - on the earth Such pleasures can impart,
2. Tho' sorrows roll up - on the soul, And tears un - bidden start,—
3. Tho' we may find the world unkind,—Its words may sting and smart,—
4. So we will sing of Christ our King Till soul and bod - y part,



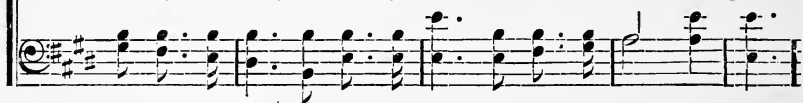
As those which come to ev - 'ry one When Christ is in the heart.
 Yet still we find sweet peace of mind When Christ is in the heart.
 Yet all the year the skies are clear When Christ is in the heart.
 Then we'll go home no more to roam, If Christ is in the heart.



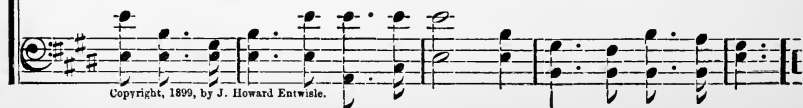
CHORUS.



O roy - al Guest, fill ev - 'ry breast, And nev - er more de - part,



For this we know, 'tis heav'n below, When Christ is in the heart.

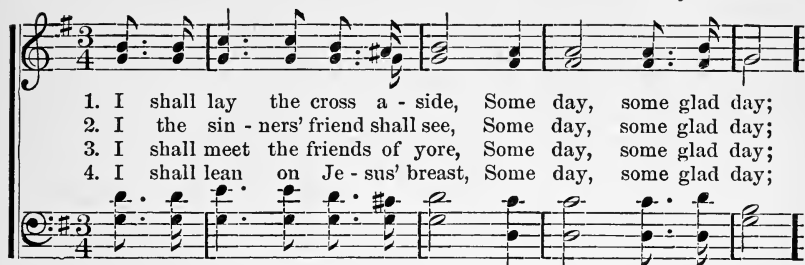


Some Glad Day.


19

C. J. B.

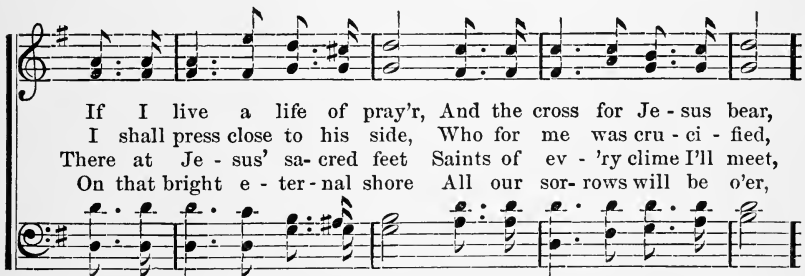
CHAS. J. BUTLER.



1. I shall lay the cross a - side, Some day, some glad day;
 2. I the sin - ners' friend shall see, Some day, some glad day;
 3. I shall meet the friends of yore, Some day, some glad day;
 4. I shall lean on Je - sus' breast, Some day, some glad day;



Safe - ly pass to Canaan's side, Some day, some glad day;
 See the wounds once made for me, Some day, some glad day;
 And with them the Lamb a - dore, Some day, some glad day;
 Find a sweet, a per - fect rest, Some day, some glad day;



If I live a life of pray'r, And the cross for Je - sus bear,
 I shall press close to his side, Who for me was cru - ci - fied,
 There at Je - sus' sa - cred feet Saints of ev - 'ry clime I'll meet,
 On that bright e - ter - nal shore All our sor - rows will be o'er,



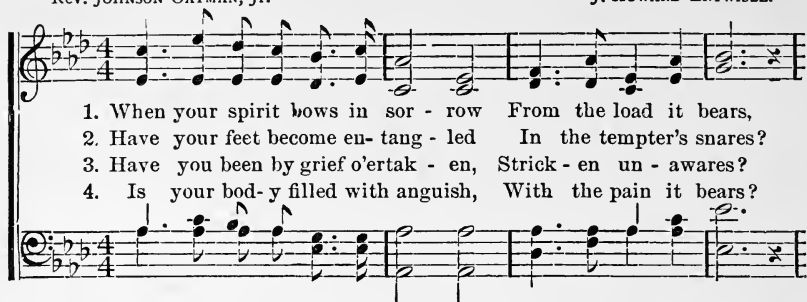
I a glo - rious crown shall wear, Some day, some glad day.
 And shall then be sat - is - fied, Some day, some glad day.
 Hold with them commun - ion sweet, Some day, some glad day.
 We shall meet to part no more, Some day, some glad day.

Don't You Know He Cares?

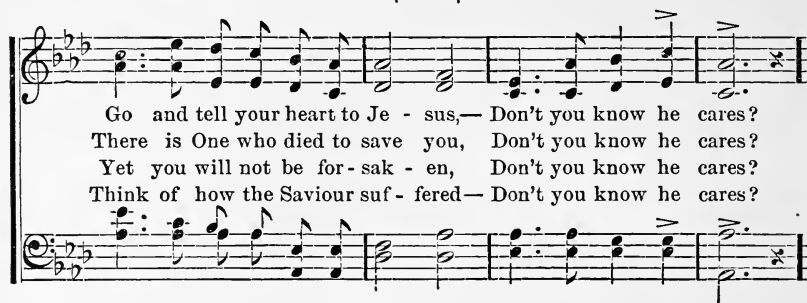
Like Elijah, when he sat under the Juniper tree and prayed for the Lord to take his life, how often we in hours of trouble, sit under our Juniper tree of sorrow alone and cry out, "I am passing through the waters and 'Nobody Cares.'"

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

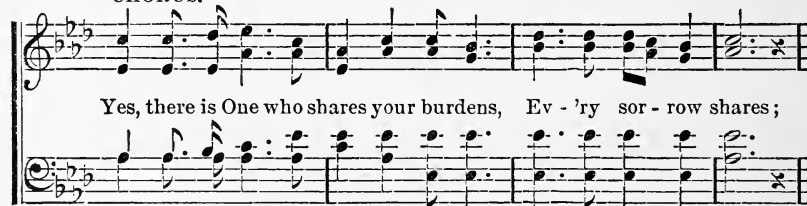


1. When your spirit bows in sor - row From the load it bears,
 2. Have your feet become en - tang - led In the tempter's snares?
 3. Have you been by grief o'ertak - en, Strick - en un - awares?
 4. Is your bod - y filled with anguish, With the pain it bears?



Go and tell your heart to Je - sus,— Don't you know he cares?
 There is One who died to save you, Don't you know he cares?
 Yet you will not be for - sak - en, Don't you know he cares?
 Think of how the Saviour suf - fered— Don't you know he cares?

CHORUS.



Yes, there is One who shares your burdens, Ev - 'ry sor - row shares;



Go and tell it all to Je - sus,— Don't you know he cares?

Copyright, 1897, by John J. Hood.

5 Loss of friends and loss of fortune—
 Life a dark look wears;
 Yet the Saviour still is with you,
 Don't you know he cares?

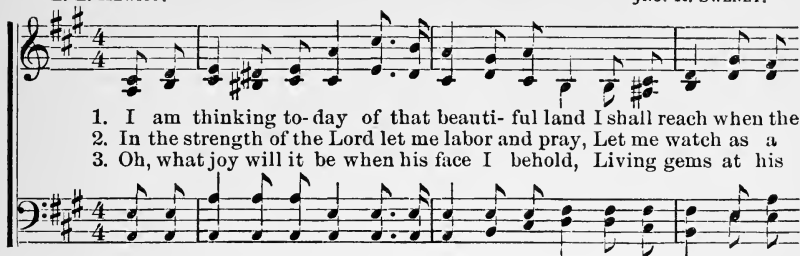
6 So amid life's cares and struggles,
 Blending songs with prayers—
 Always put your trust in Jesus,
 Don't you know he cares?

Will there be any Stars?

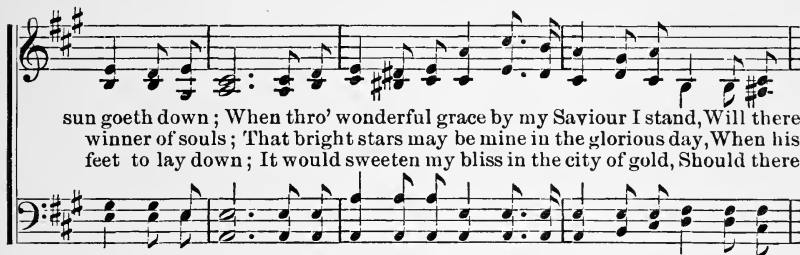
21

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

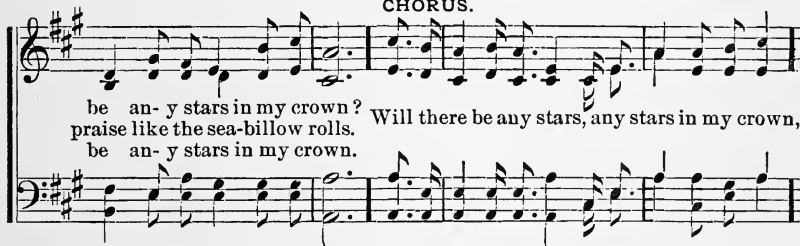


1. I am thinking to-day of that beautiful land I shall reach when the
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me labor and pray, Let me watch as a
 3. Oh, what joy will it be when his face I behold, Living gems at his

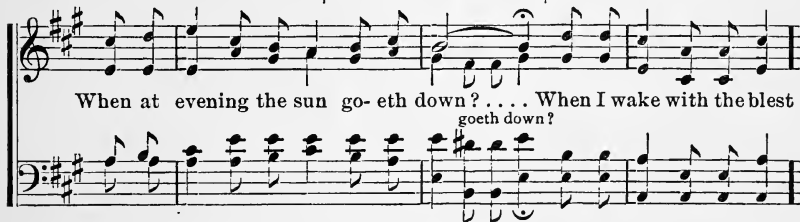


sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Saviour I stand, Will there
 winner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day, When his
 feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the city of gold, Should there

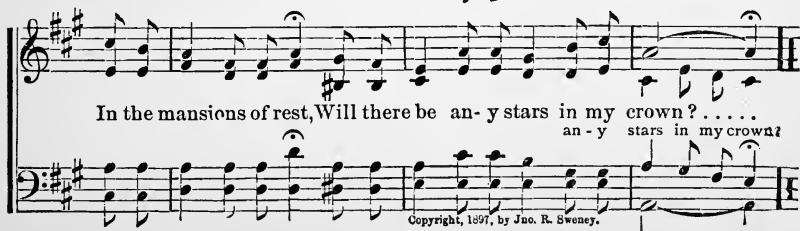
CHORUS.



be an- y stars in my crown? Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown,
 praise like the sea-billow rolls.
 be an- y stars in my crown.



When at evening the sun go- eth down? When I wake with the blest
 goeth down?

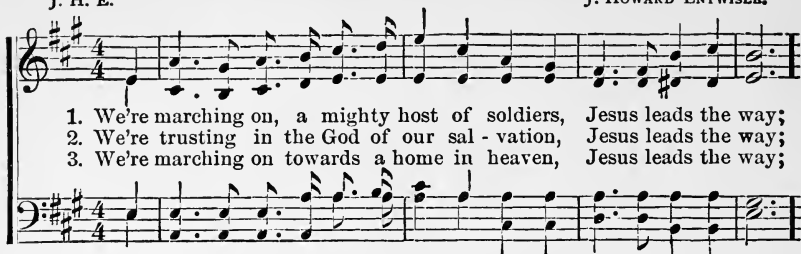


In the mansions of rest, Will there be an- y stars in my crown?
 an- y stars in my crown?

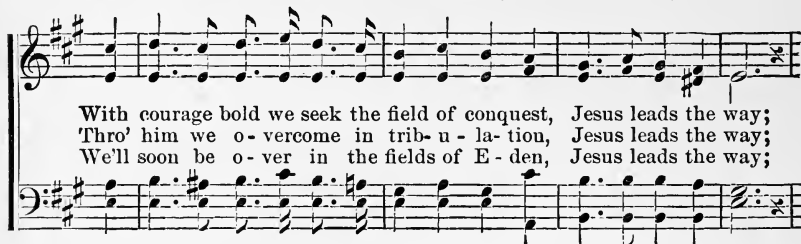
Jesus Leads the Way.

J. H. E.

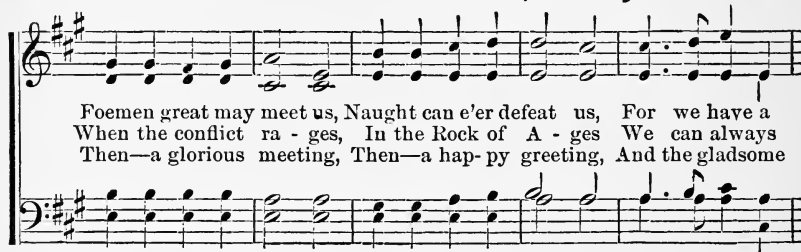
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



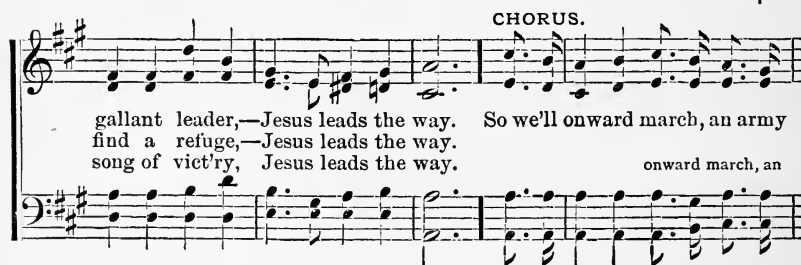
1. We're marching on, a mighty host of soldiers, Jesus leads the way;
 2. We're trusting in the God of our sal - vation, Jesus leads the way;
 3. We're marching on towards a home in heaven, Jesus leads the way;



With courage bold we seek the field of conquest, Jesus leads the way;
 Thro' him we o - vercome in trib - u - la - tion, Jesus leads the way;
 We'll soon be o - ver in the fields of E - den, Jesus leads the way;

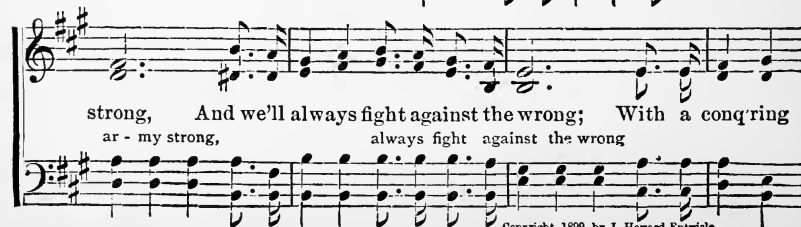


Foemen great may meet us, Naught can e'er defeat us, For we have a
 When the conflict ra - ges, In the Rock of A - ges We can always
 Then—a glorious meeting, Then—a hap - py greeting, And the glad some

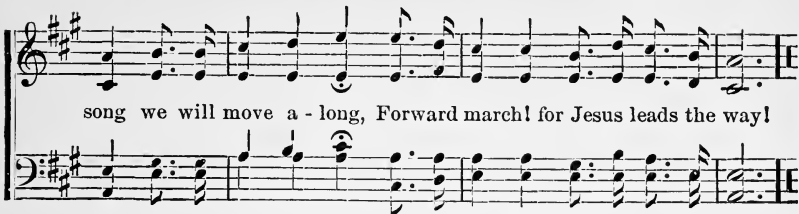


CHORUS.

gallant leader,—Jesus leads the way. So we'll onward march, an army
 find a refuge,—Jesus leads the way.
 song of vict'ry, Jesus leads the way. onward march, an



strong, And we'll always fight against the wrong; With a conq'ring
 ar - my strong, always fight against the wrong

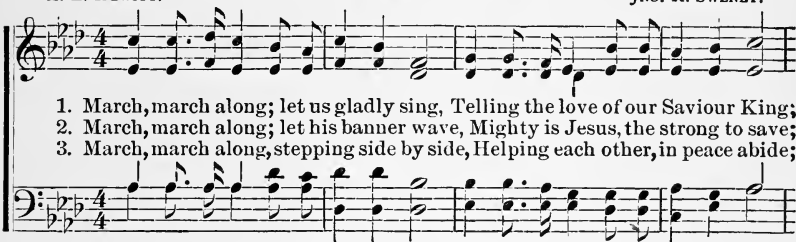


song we will move a - long, Forward march! for Jesus leads the way!

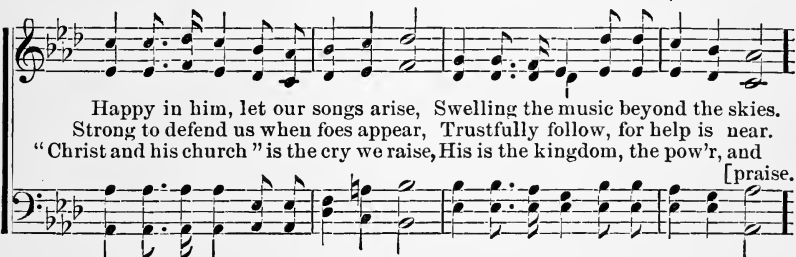
March, March Along.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENNY.



1. March, march along; let us gladly sing, Telling the love of our Saviour King;
2. March, march along; let his banner wave, Mighty is Jesus, the strong to save;
3. March, march along, stepping side by side, Helping each other, in peace abide;



Happy in him, let our songs arise, Swelling the music beyond the skies.
 Strong to defend us when foes appear, Trustfully follow, for help is near.
 "Christ and his church" is the cry we raise, His is the kingdom, the pow'r, and [praise.]

CHORUS.



March, march along with triumphant song, Joining the hosts of the ransom'd throng;



Singing the joy of a Saviour's love, March, march along to the home above.

24 Jesus shall Wipe all Tears Away.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. In this world of sorrow, Tears so often flow; On our ear there falleth
 2. Thousands now are mourning For their precious dead, Sable clouds of sorrow
 3. In the homes so lowly, In the mansions fair, Hearts are touch'd with sadness,
 4. Lift thy head, O mourner, Look up thro' thy tears, Here amid thy sadness

Bitter wails of woe, But we're on our journey To the land of day,
 O'er their sky are spread; In that ho-ly cit-y— Cloudless is the day,
 Faces marked with care; Smiles of joy and gladness O'er each face will play,
 Jesus' presence cheers; Soon up-on his bos-om We our heads shall lay,

CHORUS.

Where the hand of Jesus Wipes all tears away. Yes, we're on our journey,
 There the hand of Jesus Wipes all tears away.
 In that home where Jesus Wipes all tears away.
 Feel his hand so gently Wipe all tears away.


To the land of day, Where the hand of Jesus Wipes all tears away; On the

Saviour's bosom We our heads shall lay, Sorrow shall forever From us flee away.


Shout! He Giveth Us the Victory. 25

ESTELLE BRYANT.


Old Melody, arranged.



1. Trusting when the darkness seems the Father's face to hide,
2. Trusting when our dear ones shall be tak - en home to God,
3. Trusting in the Sav - iour we are kept in per - fect peace,




Trusting when the shadows gather thick on ev - 'ry side, Resting in the
Trusting as we bow beneath the love-sent chast'ning rod, Looking up to
Trusting when around us pain and sorrow doth increase; Christ the King is




bos - om of a Saviour cru - ci - fied, His joy our strength each day.
Je - sus we are raised above the sod, To him who died to save.
coming soon, and earthly woe shall cease, The morning draweth near.

CHORUS.



Shout! he giv - eth us the vic - t'ry; Shout! he giv - eth us the vic - t'ry;

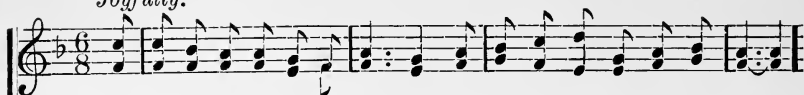


Shout! he giv - eth us the vic - t'ry; 'Tis gla - ry all the way!

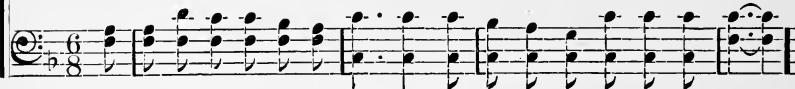
He Saves Me.

J. W. H.
Joyfully.

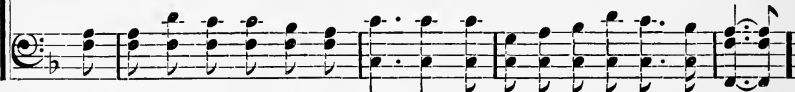
J. WESLEY HUGHES.



1. I'm happy in Jesus my Saviour, My sins he hath taken a - way;
2. He gives me his Spirit to guide me In paths of refreshing de - light,
3. How can I but tell the glad sto - ry To all who are waiting to hear,
4. I'll praise him forever and ev - er For sav - ing a sin - ner like me,



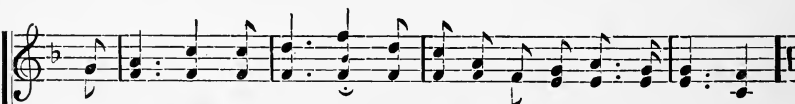
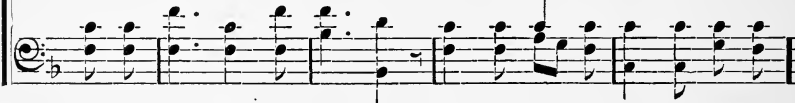
And now I a - bide in his fa - vor, I walk in the light of the day.
While under his wing doth he hide me Thro' all the dark shadows of night.
And sing of the love and the glo - ry Of Jesus, my Saviour so dear?
And shout on the banks of the riv - er, Salvation, salvation is free!



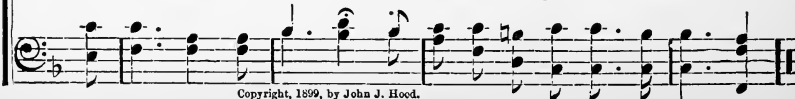
CHORUS.



For he saves me, he saves me, Glo - ry to his name for - ev - er!



I'll praise him, I'll praise him, I'll praise him, my blessed Redeem - er.

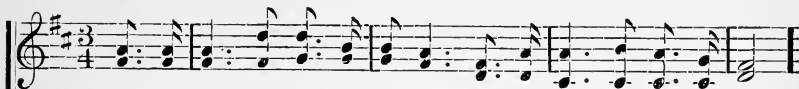


Farther Out.

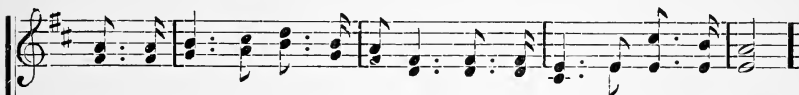
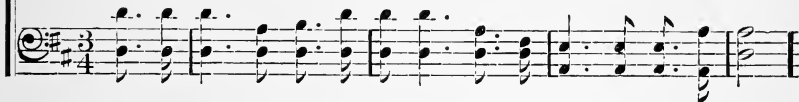
27

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

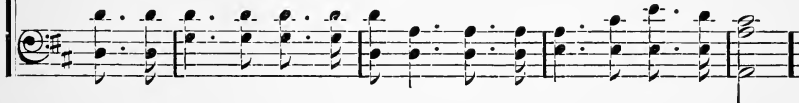
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



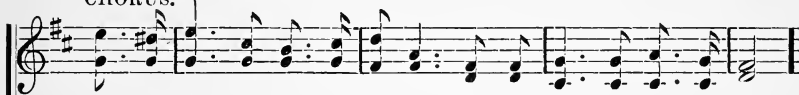
1. Since I found that faith in Je - sus Saves from sin, and sweetly saves,
2. There's no safe - ty for my ves - sel Where the breakers dash and roar,
3. Here the sunlight falls from heaven,— All is peace within, without,



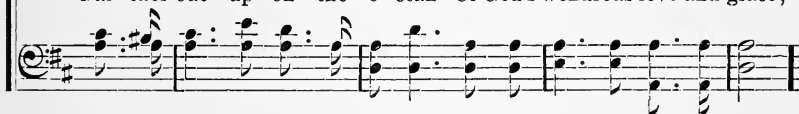
Heart and soul have join'd in crying, "Farther out up - on the waves."
 But I find the smoothest wa - ter Farther out, a - way from shore.
 While each day ce - les - tial breezes Drive my ves - sel far - ther out.



CHORUS.



Far - ther out up - on the o - cean Of God's wondrous love and grace;



"Far - ther out" shall be my watchword Till I meet him face to face.



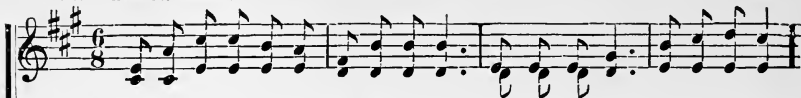
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- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>4 Tho' life's storms may sweep around
 In my soul I sing and shout, [me,
 For I know that every tempest
 Will but drive me farther out.</p> | <p>5 Farther out, till I have safely
 Reached that land across the foam,
 Farther out, till I have anchored
 In the soul's eternal home.</p> |
|--|--|

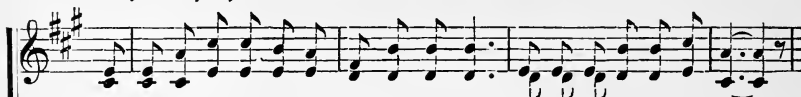
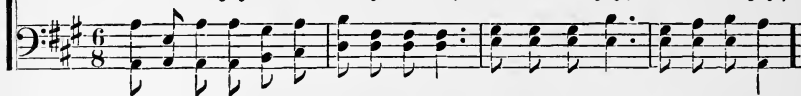
Will You be One?

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

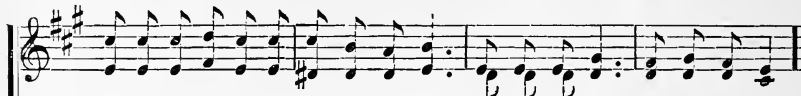
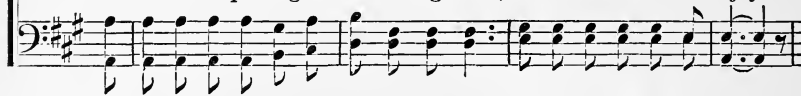
FRANK M. DAVIS.



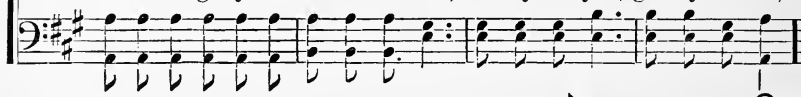
1. Will you be one in that beautiful land? Will you be one, will you be one?
2. Will you be one whom the Saviour will claim? Will you be one, will you be one?
3. There will be joy in that cit-y so fair, Wonderful joy, wonderful joy;



Around the white throne of the Saviour to stand? Will you, O will you be one?
 An heir of salvation thro' faith in his name? Will you, O will you be one?
 There'll never be parting nor sorrowing there, All will be wonderful joy.



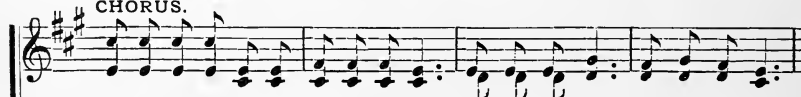
Will you be there in the glorified throng? Will you be there, will you be there?
 Will you with Jesus forev - er abide, Safe- ly at home, safe- ly at home?
 There will be glory for sinners redeem'd, Glo- ry for you, glo- ry for me,



To sing the sweet strain of that blessed new song, Will you, O will you be there?
 Where ev'ry heart-longing shall be satisfied, Safely forev- er at home.
 Beyond all that mortals have heard or have dream'd, Glory for you and for me.

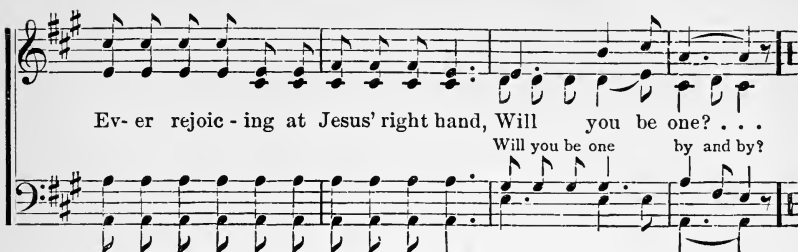


CHORUS.



Will you be one in that beautiful land? Will you be one, will you be one?



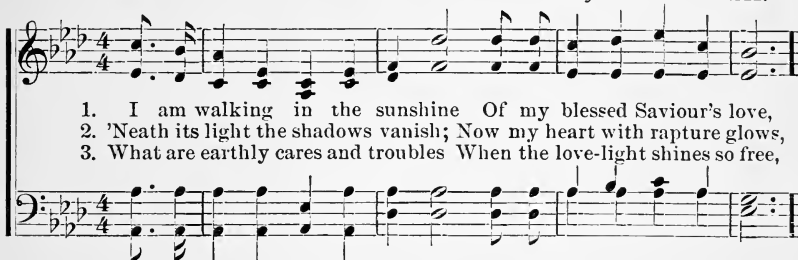


Ev- er rejoic - ing at Jesus' right hand, Will you be one? . . .
Will you be one by and by?

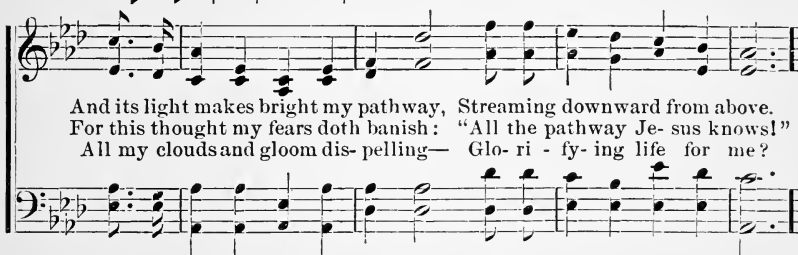
In the Sunshine.

IDA L. REED.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. I am walking in the sunshine Of my blessed Saviour's love,
2. 'Neath its light the shadows vanish; Now my heart with rapture glows,
3. What are earthly cares and troubles When the love-light shines so free,



And its light makes bright my pathway, Streaming downward from above.
For this thought my fears doth banish: "All the pathway Je- sus knows!"
All my clouds and gloom dis- pelling— Glo- ri - fy - ing life for me?

CHORUS.



I am walking in the glorious sun- shine, Walking in the glorious sunshine;
glorious sunshine,



O this light so free shines for you and me, Blessed light of Je- sus' love.

Come Into the Fold.

ADA BLENKHORN.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. In accents of love doth the Saviour implore, Come into the fold, come in;
 2. Outside is the darkness, within is the light, Come into the fold, come in;
 3. From sorrow and sin to his fulness of joy, Come into the fold, come in;

To give you glad welcome he stands at the door, Come into the fold, come in.
 Escape from the gloom of the gathering night, Come into the fold, come in.
 In service for Jesus your time to employ, Come into the fold, come in.

D.S. - Come into the fold, come in.

CHORUS.

Without is the gloom and the darkness of night, In- side of the fold all is

peaceful and bright, And heaven - ly pleasure and endless delight,

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4 The waters are still and the pastures are
 Come into the fold, come in; [green,
 For strength and support on his arm you
 Come into the fold, come in. [may lean,


5 Here nothing can harm you, whatever
 Come into the fold, come in; [betide,
 Forever with Jesus your Lord to abide,
 Come into the fold, come in.

Waiting for the Promise.

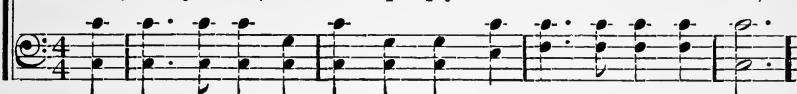

31

FANNY J. CROSEY.

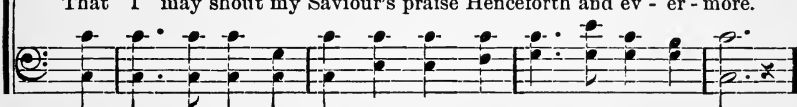
JNO. R. SWENEY.



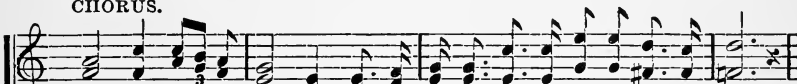
1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, and touch my tongue As with a liv-ing flame;
 2. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, with sa-cred fire Bap-tize this heart of mine;
 3. I want a self-re-nouncing will, That owns his sweet con-trol,
 4. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, the blood ap-ply As thou hast ne'er be-fore,

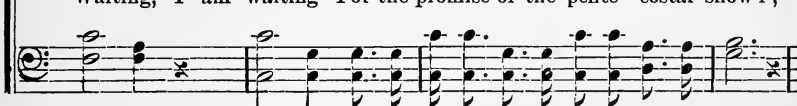
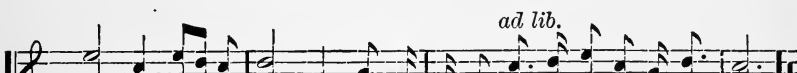
I want the sanc-ti-fy-ing grace My Sav-iour bids me claim.
 Break ev-'ry earthly i-dol down, And all its dross re-fine.
 And thro' my life I want his love A ceaseless flood to roll.
 That I may shout my Saviour's praise Henceforth and ev-er-more.



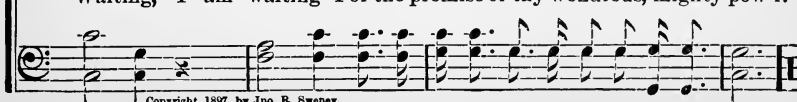
CHORUS.



Waiting, I am waiting For the promise of the pente-costal show'r;

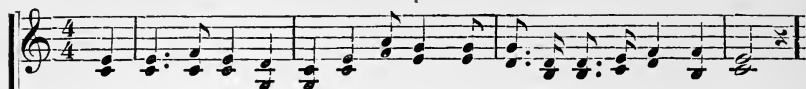
ad lib.
 Waiting, I am waiting For the promise of thy wondrous, mighty pow'r.



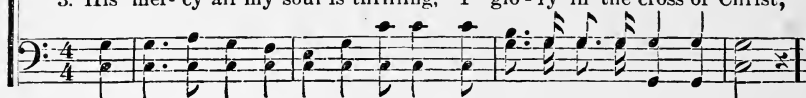
A Glory In the Cross of Christ.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

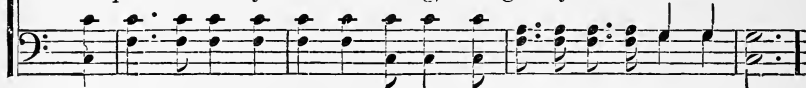
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. My heart to-day with joy is singing, I glo-ry in the cross of Christ;
 2. His faith divine is my salvation, I glo-ry in the cross of Christ;
 3. His mer-cy all my soul is thrilling, I glo-ry in the cross of Christ;



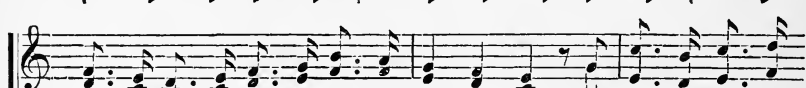
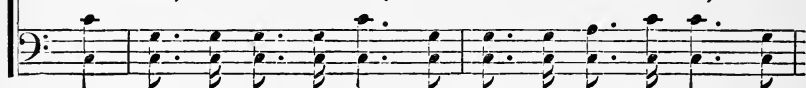
My faith to Je-sus' love is clinging, I glo-ry in the cross of Christ.
 I'm builded on his sure foundation, I glo-ry in the cross of Christ.
 His presence ev-'ry fear is stilling, I glo-ry in the cross of Christ.



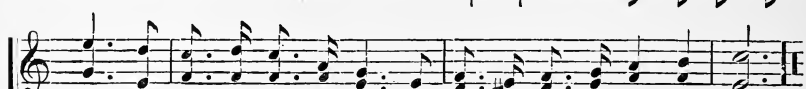
CHORUS.



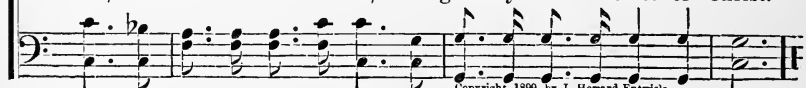
The cross, the wondrous cross, where Je-sus died for me, The



cross whereon he bore my sins and made me free; I glo-ry in the



cross, for there his love I see, I glo-ry in the cross of Christ.



Copyright, 1899, by J. Howard Entwisle.

4 He died for me on Calv'ry's mountain,
 I glory in the cross of Christ;
 He washed me in the cleansing fount-
 I glory in the cross of Christ. [ain.]

5 O fount of love within me swelling,
 I glory in the cross of Christ;
 O blessed peace my soul indwelling,
 I glory in the cross of Christ.

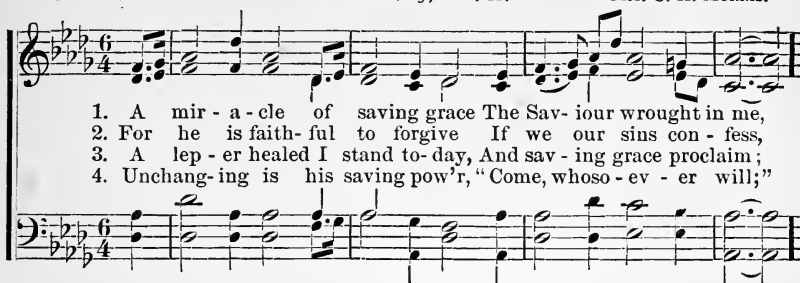
They're All Blotted Out.

33

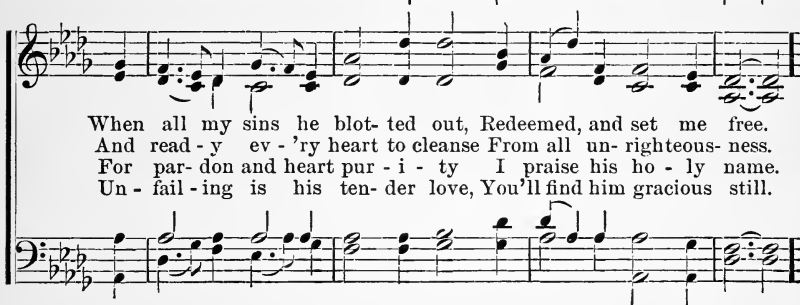
C. H. M.

Isaiah xliii : 25; xlv : 22.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

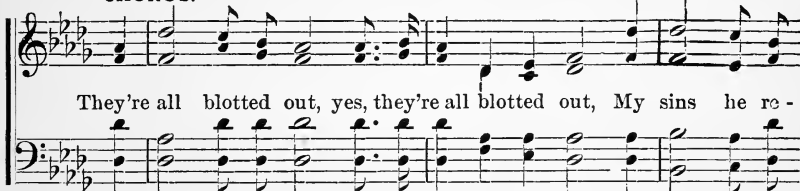


1. A mir - a - cle of saving grace The Sav - iour wrought in me,
 2. For he is faith - ful to forgive If we our sins con - fess,
 3. A lep - er healed I stand to - day, And sav - ing grace proclaim;
 4. Unchang - ing is his saving pow'r, "Come, whoso - ev - er will;"

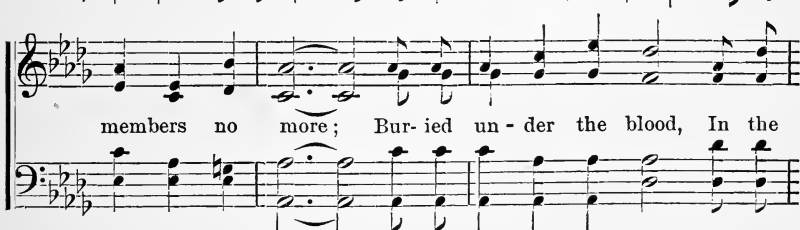


When all my sins he blot - ted out, Redeemed, and set me free.
 And read - y ev - 'ry heart to cleanse From all un - righteous - ness.
 For par - don and heart pur - i - ty I praise his ho - ly name.
 Un - fail - ing is his ten - der love, You'll find him gracious still.

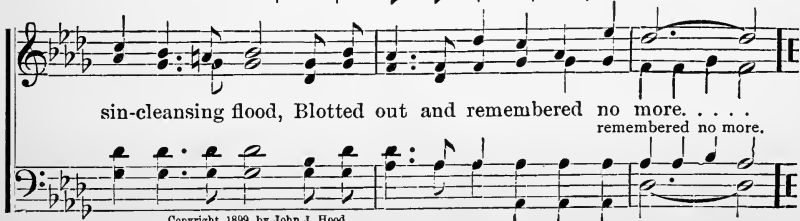
CHORUS.



They're all blotted out, yes, they're all blotted out, My sins he re -



members no more; Bur - ied un - der the blood, In the



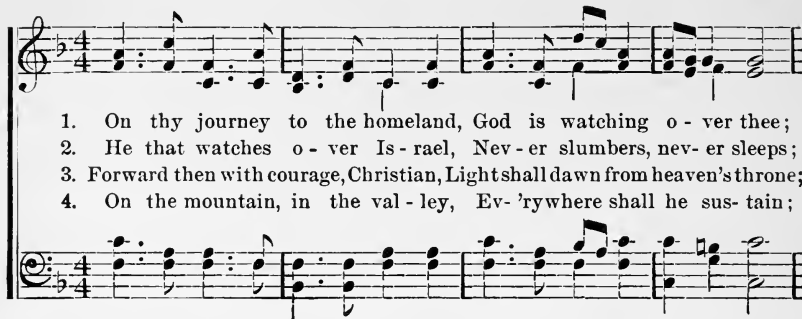
sin-cleansing flood, Blotted out and remembered no more. . . .
 remembered no more.

The Pillar of Cloud.

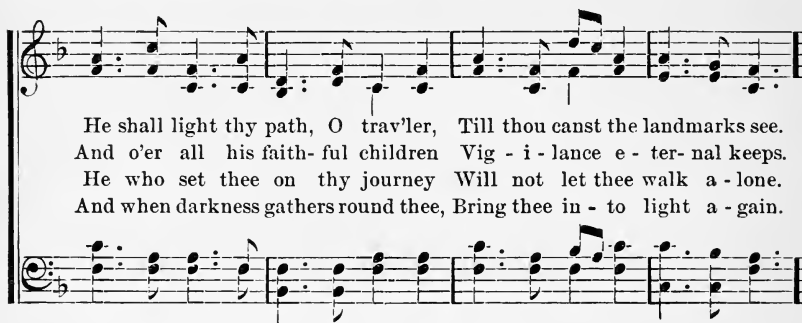
"Yet thou in thy manifold mercies forsookest them not in the wilderness; the pillar of the cloud departed not from them by day, to lead them in the way: neither the pillar of fire by night, to show them light, and the way wherein they should go."—Neh. ix: 19.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

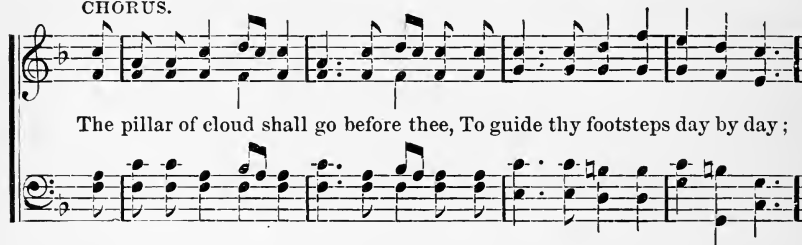


1. On thy journey to the homeland, God is watching o - ver thee;
2. He that watches o - ver Is - rael, Nev - er slumbers, nev - er sleeps;
3. Forward then with courage, Christian, Light shall dawn from heaven's throne;
4. On the mountain, in the val - ley, Ev - 'rywhere shall he sus - tain;

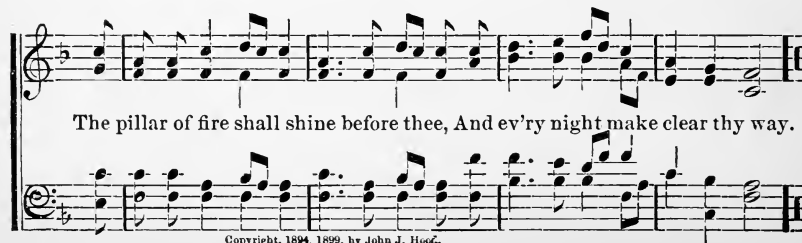


He shall light thy path, O trav'ler, Till thou canst the landmarks see.
 And o'er all his faith-ful children Vig - i - lance e - ter - nal keeps.
 He who set thee on thy journey Will not let thee walk a - lone.
 And when darkness gathers round thee, Bring thee in - to light a - gain.

CHORUS.



The pillar of cloud shall go before thee, To guide thy footsteps day by day;



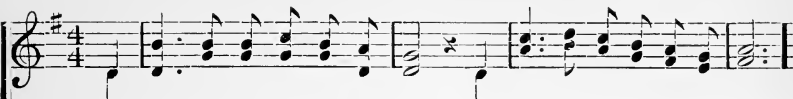
The pillar of fire shall shine before thee, And ev'ry night make clear thy way.

The Promised Home.

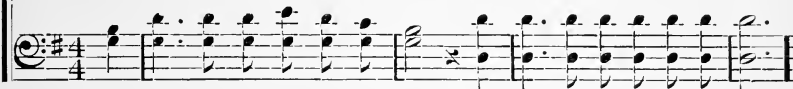
35

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.



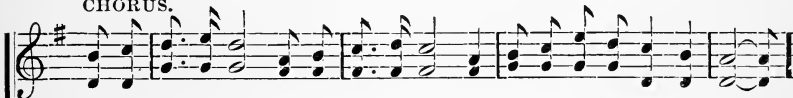
1. When Christ our Lord was dwelling here, He spake these precious words of cheer,
2. These words Christ spake long years ago Like costly gems still brightly glow;
3. That home is in a healthful clime, Far from the blighting hand of time;
4. What tho' no deed for lands I hold, Yet I'm an heir to wealth untold,



"In Father's house are mansions fair, There's one for each disci - ple there."
 This promise of that home to me Makes all the dreary shadows flee.
 In those blest mansions over there, No face is marked with lines of care.
 My ti - tle Je- sus gave to me,—'Twill stand thro' all e- ter - ni - ty.



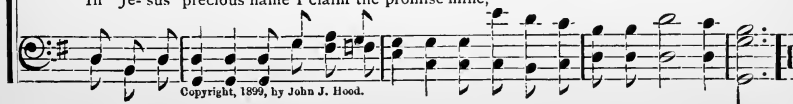
CHORUS.



There is one for you, there is one for me, By faith that mansion now I see;



In Je- sus' name I claim it mine, My title's penned in blood divine.
 In Je- sus' precious name I claim the promise mine,



Hallelujah! Grace is Free!

REV. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

Tune.—"Maryland! My Maryland."

1. I hear a song of ju - bi - lee, Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free!
 2. It rings a - bove the bat - tle strife; Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free!
 3. It brings good news to sinners lost, Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free!

Its notes resound o'er land and sea, Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free!
 Its peal awakes the dead to life, Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free!
 The price is paid! O wondrous cost! Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free!

Its sound is heard in ev - 'ry land, It rings a - long the ocean's strand,
 It shouts its note triumphant - ly, Proclaiming par - don full and free,
 Je - sus has come to make us free, Up - on the cross on Cal - va - ry

The cho - rus of a might - y band, Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free!
 As - sur - ing souls of vic - to - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free!
 His life he gave for you and me, Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free!

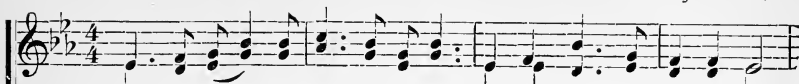
Copyright, 1893, by J. Howard Entwisle.

4 It brings a message full of love,
 Hallelujah! grace is free!
 A message from the throne above,
 Hallelujah! grace is free!
 The Spirit now invites you, "come!"
 The Saviour calls, "no longer roam!"
 The Father pleads, "my child, come
 Hallelujah! grace is free! [home!]"

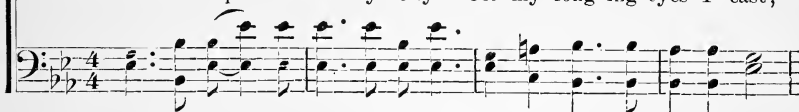
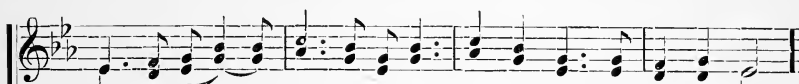
5 The conflict o'er, at God's right hand,
 Hallelujah! grace is free!
 Redeemed from every race and land,
 Hallelujah! grace is free!
 We shall behold him face to face,
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 Who died to save our sinful race,
 Hallelujah! grace is free!

C. J. B.

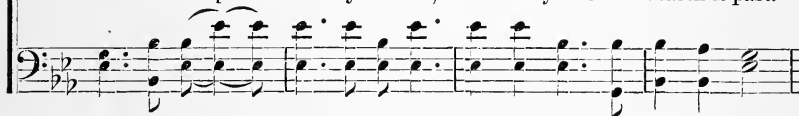
CHAS. J. BUTLER.



1. O'er death's sea, in yon blest city, There's a home for ev-'ry one;
 2. Here we've no a-bid-ing city, Mansions here will soon de-cay;
 3. I have loved ones in that city, Those who left me years a-go;
 4. T'ward that pure and ho-ly city Oft my long-ing eyes I cast;


Purchas'd with a price most costly, 'Twas the blood of God's dear Son.
 But that cit-y God's built firmly, It can nev-er pass a-way.
 They with joy are wait-ing for me, Where no farewell tears e'er flow.
 Je-sus whispers sweet-ly to me, Heav'n is yours when earth is past.



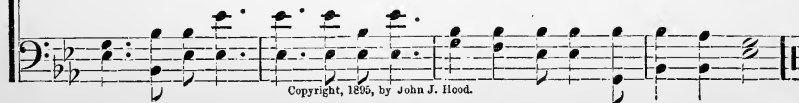
CHORUS.



In that cit-y—bright cit-y, Soon with loved ones I shall be;

And with Jesus live for-ev-er, In that cit-y beyond death's sea.



On the Victory Side.

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! And our faith enraptured sings,
 2. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! For the Lord himself comes near,
 3. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! For the tempter flies a - pace,
 4. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! And our hearts beat high with praise,

While we throw to the breeze the standard Of the mighty King of kings.
 And the shout of a roy - al ar - my On the bat - tle - field we hear.
 And the chains he has forged are breaking, Thro' the pow'r of redeeming grace.
 Unto him, in whose name we'll conquer, And our song of triumph raise.

CHORUS.

On the vict'ry side, on the vict'ry side, In the ranks of the Lord are we;

On the vict'ry side we will boldly stand, Till the glo - ry land we see.

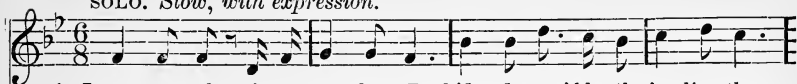
Just One Touch.

39

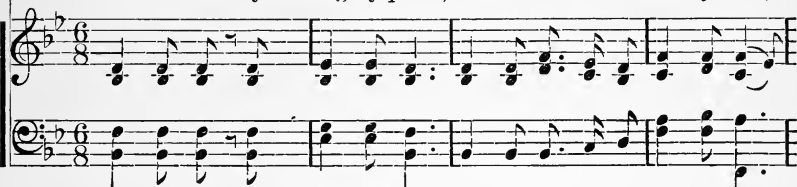
BIRDIE BELL.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

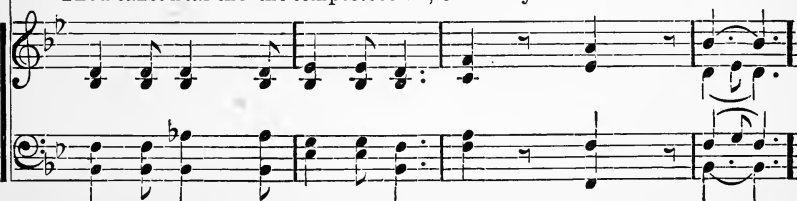
SOLO. *Slow, with expression.*



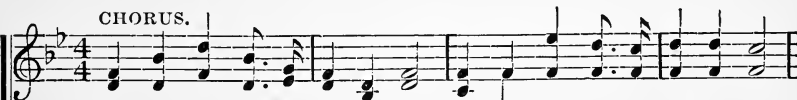
1. Just one touch as he moves along, Push'd and press'd by the jostling throng,
2. Just one touch and he makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin-sick soul,
3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am saved by the blessed Son,
4. Just one touch! and he turns to me, O the love in his eyes I see!
5. Just one touch! by his mighty pow'r, He can heal thee this ver-y hour,



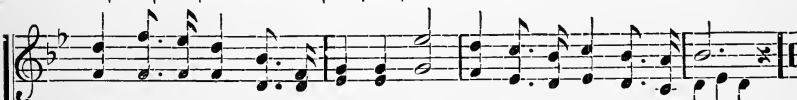
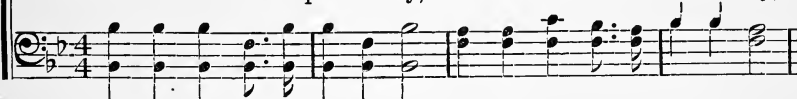
Just one touch and the weak was strong, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
 At his feet all my burdens roll,—Cured by the Healer di - vine.
 I will sing while the a - ges run, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
 I am his for he hears my plea, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
 Thou canst hear tho' the tempests low'r, Cured by the Healer di - vine.



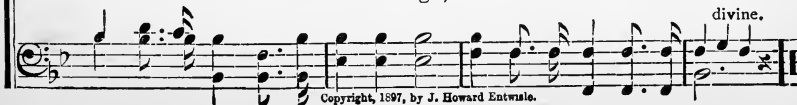
CHORUS.



Just one touch as he pass-es by, He will list to the faintest cry,



Come and be saved while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Healer di - vine.



Haste Then to Jesus.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. Oh, what a sad time, poor sinner, 'twill be When you stand on the shore of
 2. Now, sin-ner, you may be happy and gay, Thy pleasures will soon all
 3. You'll launch out amid the gloom of the night, And oh, not a star will
 4. Oh, haste then to Christ, his voice you will hear To thee sweetly say-ing,

death's dark sea; When the sound of the breakers shall fall on thy ear, And thy
 vanish a-way, And oh, there on death's dark and storm-beaten strand, For-
 lend its dim light, And driven and toss'd with the tempest's rude blast, On the
 "be of good cheer;" He will bear thee safe over the wild billow's foam, And

CHORUS.

soul is filled with sor-row and fear. Haste then to Jesus ere you
 sak-en at last, dear one, you will stand.
 shore of despair, a wreck you'll be cast.
 in that blest land will give thee a home.

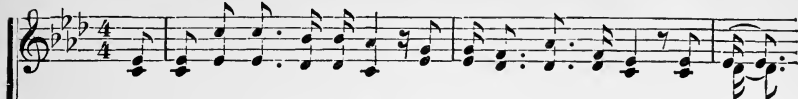
reach the dark shore, He the blest boatman will carry thee o'er, All who have

trusted their souls to his care, Have reach'd the blest port and are safe over there.

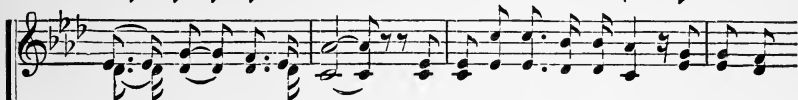
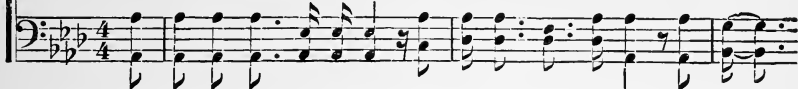
Oh, Don't you Hear Him Knocking? 41

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

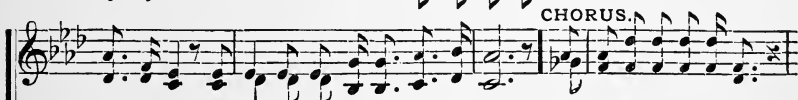
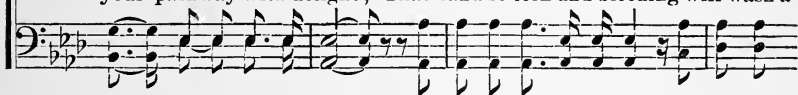
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



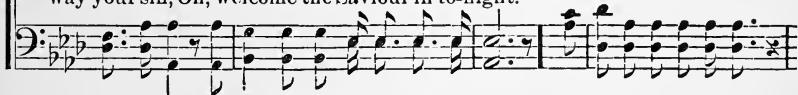
1. A hand all bruised and bleeding is knocking at the door, Is knocking
2. How often when in sickness, your body racked with pain, This knocking
3. While standing by the casket of some de- parted friend, With sorrow
4. Why will you keep him knocking? why don't you let him in? He'll fill



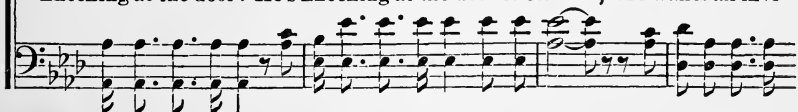
at the door of your heart; It is the hand of Jesus, who long has re-sounded in your ears; How often in the nighttime the knock would your heart was sick and sore; What caus'd that train of thinking of how your pathway with delight; That hand so torn and bleeding will wash a-



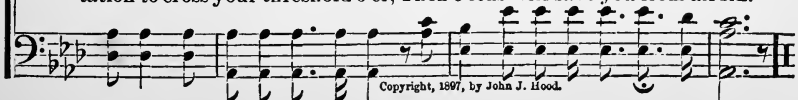
knocked before, Tho' oft you have told him to depart. Oh, don't you hear him knock- come again, So loud it would fill your soul with fears. [ing, life would end? That hand was then knocking at the door. way your sin, Oh, welcome the Saviour in to-night.



knocking at the door? He's knocking at the door to come in; He wants an invi-



tation to cross your threshold o'er, Then Jesus will save you from all sin.



42 The Knock of the Nail-Pierced Hand.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Dost thou know at thy bolt - ed heart's-door-to-night, The Saviour in
 2. Out - side he has stood thro' the length of the years, Since Mother the
 3. You turn not away when a friend's at your door, Here's one there's none
 4. All the pain and the shame of his death on the tree A welcome from

meekness doth stand, And longs for admission? pray, lis - ten now To the
 love-flame first fann'd; You have spurn'd and rejected, O give heed to-night To the
 like in the land, Who asks to come in to for - ev - er abide; Heed the
 you should command, Since the weight of your sins in his body he bore; Heed the

CHORUS.

knock of the nail-pierced hand. Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand,
 Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand,

Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand; Swing the door open wide,
 Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand;

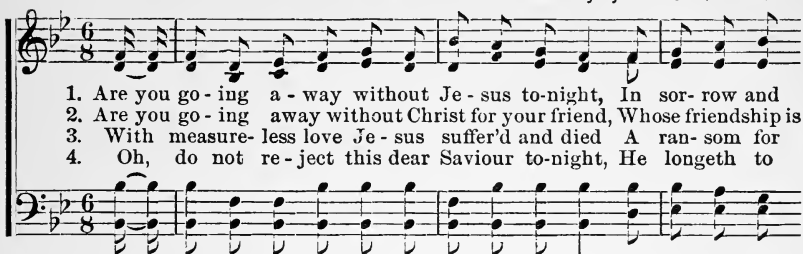
Bid him enter and abide, Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand.
 Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand.

Going Away Without Jesus.

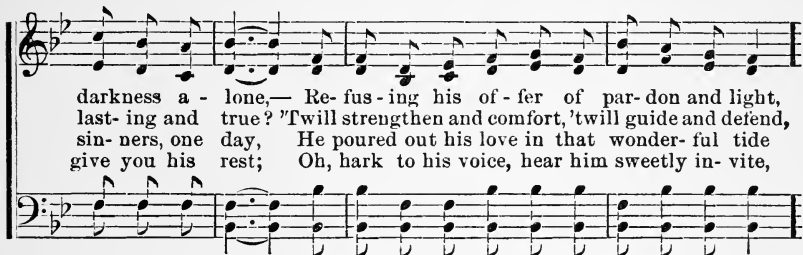
43

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

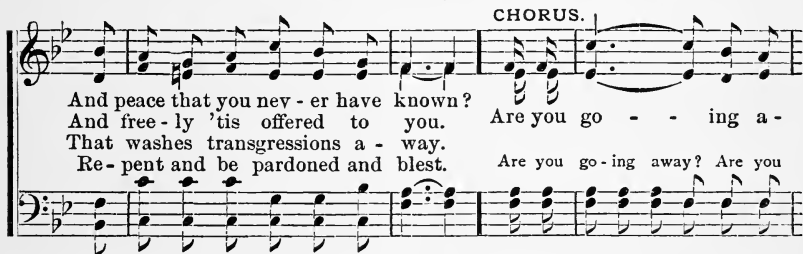
The last melody by FRANK M. DAVIS.



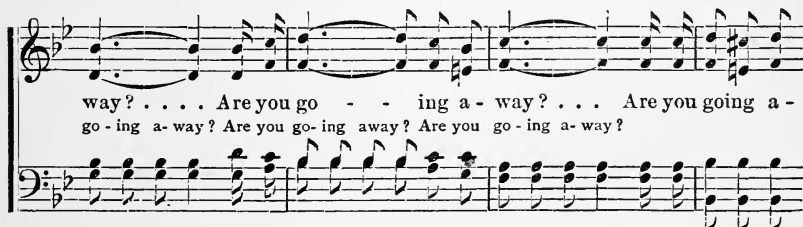
1. Are you go - ing a - way without Je - sus to - night, In sor - row and
 2. Are you go - ing away without Christ for your friend, Whose friendship is
 3. With measure - less love Je - sus suffer'd and died A ran - som for
 4. Oh, do not re - ject this dear Saviour to - night, He longeth to



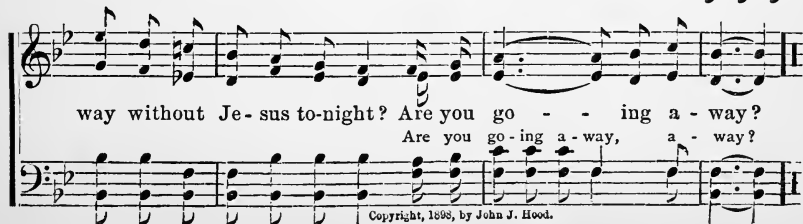
darkness a - lone, — Re - fus - ing his of - fer of par - don and light,
 last - ing and true? 'Twill strengthen and comfort, 'twill guide and defend,
 sin - ners, one day, He poured out his love in that won - der - ful tide
 give you his rest; Oh, hark to his voice, hear him sweetly in - vite,



CHORUS.
 And peace that you nev - er have known? Are you go - - ing a -
 And free - ly 'tis offered to you. Are you go - ing away? Are you
 That washes transgressions a - way. Are you go - ing away? Are you
 Re - pent and be pardoned and blest. Are you go - ing away? Are you



way? Are you go - - ing a - way? . . . Are you going a -
 go - ing a - way? Are you go - ing away? Are you go - ing a - way?



way without Je - sus to - night? Are you go - - ing a - way?
 Are you go - ing a - way, a - way?

Trust Him For To-day.

E. E. HEWITT.

H. JAMES PRESTON.

Moderato.

1. Nev - er, nev - er bor - row Trouble from the morrow, God knows all a -
 2. Be it joy or sor - row Coming with the morrow, God has grace suf -
 3. Fear not for the morrow, Be content to fol - low In the Master's

bout it, trust him for to - day; He will surely guide you, Needful
 fi - cient, he will hear you pray; In his care con - fid - ing, In his
 footsteps, and his word o - bey; Helping those around you, Telling

good provide you, Send you help and blessing all a - long the way.
 love a - bid - ing, Dai - ly you shall praise him, trust him for to - day.
 Christ hath found you, Happy in his keeping, trust him for to - day.

CHORUS.

Trust him for to - day, . . . Trust him for to - day, . . . Cast your
 Trust him, trust him for to-day, Trust him, trust him for to-day,

care up - on him all the pilgrim way; Nev - er, nev - er bor - row

A little slower.

Trouble from the morrow, God knows all about it, trust him for to - day.

Wonderful Peace.

L. H. E.

"My peace I give unto you."—John xiv: 27.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

1. Je - sus gives his peace to me, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;
2. Surface feel - ings ebb and flow, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;
3. Not my charge his gift to hold, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;
4. This my part—to trust in him, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;
5. Praying, watching, serv - ing still, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;

Fine.

Like his love, a boundless sea, Won - der - ful, wonder - ful peace.
 Sweet, a - bid - ing calm be - low, Won - der - ful, wonder - ful peace.
 Je - sus keeps it—grace untold—Won - der - ful, wonder - ful peace.
 Whether skies be bright or dim, Won - der - ful, wonder - ful peace.
 Let me learn, and do his will, Won - der - ful, wonder - ful peace.

D. S.—Je - sus gives his peace to me, Won - der - ful, wonder - ful peace.

REFRAIN.

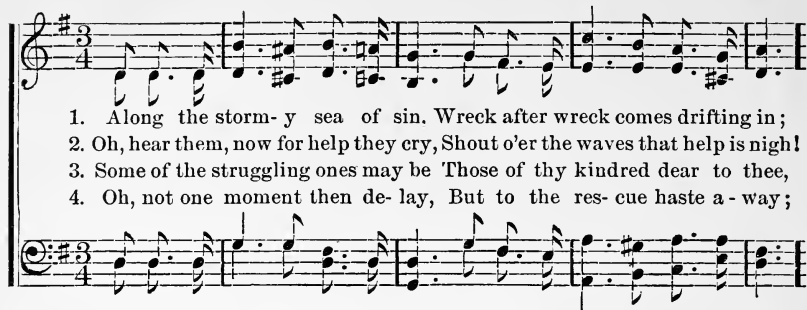
D. S.

Peace, peace, won - der - ful peace, Peace, peace, won - der - ful peace;

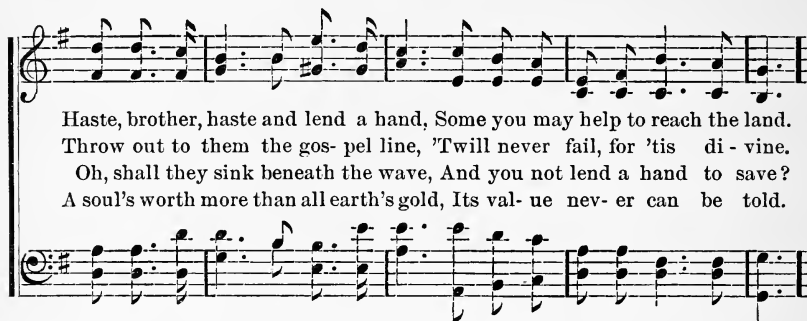
Come to the Rescue.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

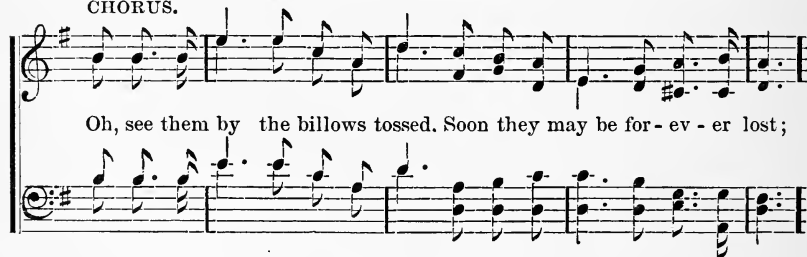


1. Along the storm-y sea of sin, Wreck after wreck comes drifting in;
2. Oh, hear them, now for help they cry, Shout o'er the waves that help is nigh!
3. Some of the struggling ones may be 'Those of thy kindred dear to thee,
4. Oh, not one moment then de-lay, But to the res-cue haste a-way;



Haste, brother, haste and lend a hand, Some you may help to reach the land.
 Throw out to them the gos- pel line, 'Twill never fail, for 'tis di- vine.
 Oh, shall they sink beneath the wave, And you not lend a hand to save?
 A soul's worth more than all earth's gold, Its val- ue nev- er can be told.

CHORUS.



Oh, see them by the billows tossed. Soon they may be for- ev- er lost;



Then quickly to the res-cue fly, Some we may save if we but try.

Christ is All You Need.

47

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Are you heavy hearted, are you sore distress'd? Christ is all you need,
 2. Have you broken vows and promises unkept?
 3. Have you been neglected for the cause you love?
 4. Let the world despise and scorn you as it may, Christ is all you need,

He's a friend indeed; Are you over-burden'd, and with care distress'd?
 Once de-serted and a-lone thy Saviour wept!
 You shall be reward-ed in the home a-bove;
 You will shout his praises in the judgment day;

He's a friend indeed;

CHORUS.

Christ is all the friend you need. Christ is all you
 Christ is all you need, He

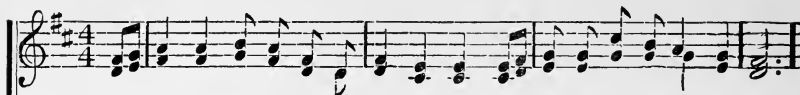
need, He's a friend, he is a friend indeed;
 is a friend indeed; Christ is all you need, For he is a friend indeed;

Christ is all you need, Christ is all the friend you need.
 Christ is all you need, He is a friend indeed,

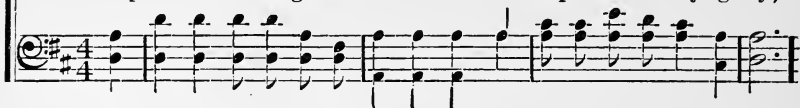
Sweeter as the Days go By.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



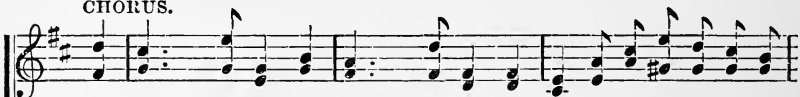
1. The dear old sto-ry of a Saviour's love Is sweeter as the days go by;
2. The sunbeams shining from the living Light Are brighter as the days go by;
3. Hope's anchor, holding in the stormy strife, Is stronger as the days go by;
4. The peace that Jesus gives to us a-new Is deeper as the days go by;



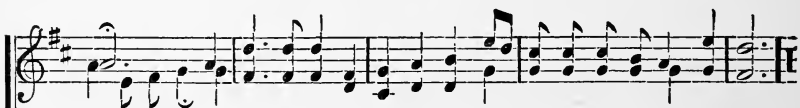
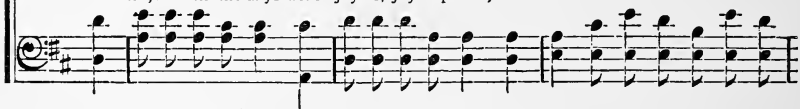
The glad assurance of a home above Is sweeter as the days go by.
 The stars of promise cheering sorrow's night Are brighter as the days go by.
 We feel the throbbings of immortal life Grow stronger as the days go by.
 The prospects op'ning to the Christian's view Are grander as the days go by.



CHORUS.



We'll fill the days with joy - ful praise, We'll sing as the happy moments
 We'll fill, we'll fill the days with joyful, joyful praise,



fly; (moments fly:) The song of love to him above Grows sweeter as the days go by.

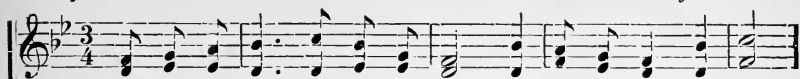


We'll Meet to Part no More.

49

C. J. B.

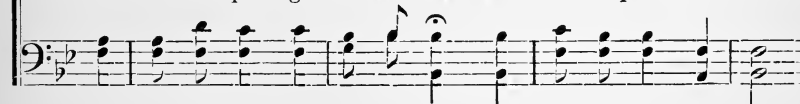
CHAS. J. BUTLER.



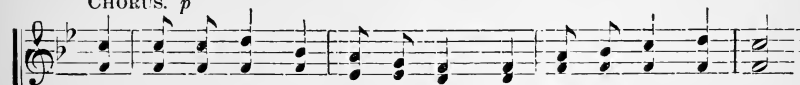
1. I've gone with those I loved so dear, Down to death's dreary shore ;
2. I stood and watched them dis-ap-pear, Those cherished friends of yore ;
3. When from my sight they passed a-way, To yon-der un - seen shore ;
4. Those words they whispered long a-go, I've pon-dered o'er and o'er ;
5. When Christ the boatman comes for me, And homeward bends the oar ;



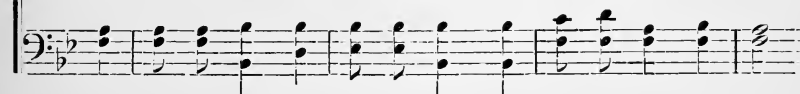
These words they whispered in my ear, "We'll meet to part no more."
 To my lone heart these words bro't cheer "We'll meet to part no more."
 Me - thinks I still could hear them say "We'll meet to part no more."
 It light-ens all my grief to know "We'll meet to part no more."
 I'll shout while passing o'er death's sea "We'll meet to part no more."



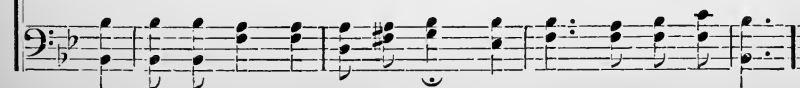
CHORUS. *p*



We'll meet they whis-pered soft and low, On yon-der un - seen shore ;



Where sor-row's bit - ter tears ne'er flow, We'll meet to part no more.

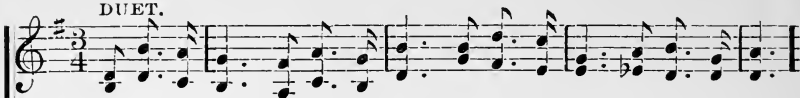


Jesus Heals Broken Hearts.

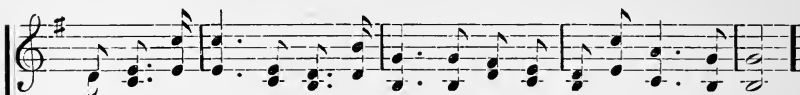
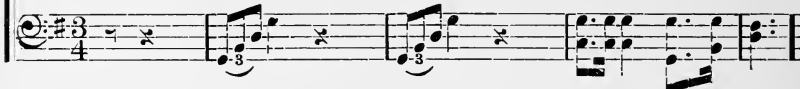
C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

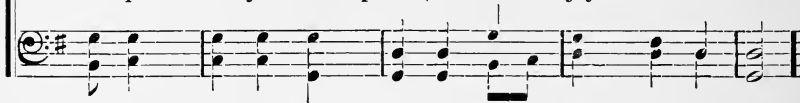
DUET.



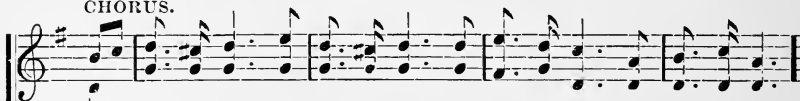
1. Lone hearts there are this wide earth o'er, That mourn for cherish'd ones of yore;
2. Oh, there are those in sorrow's night To whom the world once seem'd so bright,
3. E - ternal joys they all may know, And smiles may have for tears of woe;
4. O sad one, bring thy broken heart, And Christ will bid the clouds depart;



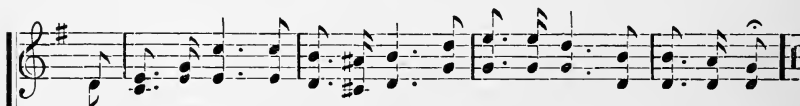
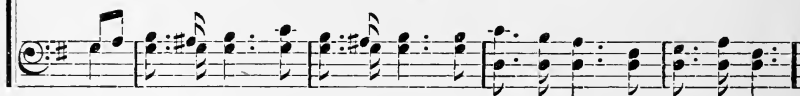
I'll haste to them, this truth reveal, That Je- sus broken hearts can heal.
 Their hopes now broken 'round them lie, For joys de- part- ed oft they sigh.
 Yes, golden sunbeams pure and bright Will chase away the gloom of night.
 He'll speak unto thy storm-swept soul, And floods of joy shall o'er thee roll.



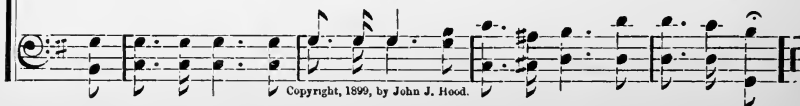
CHORUS.



Yes, broken hearts the Saviour heals, And he our ev - 'ry sorrow feels;



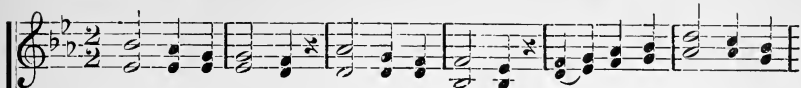
Our tears of woe he'll wipe away, And make our lives one joyous day.



Welcome, Sweet Spirit of Love. 51

HARRIET E. JONES.

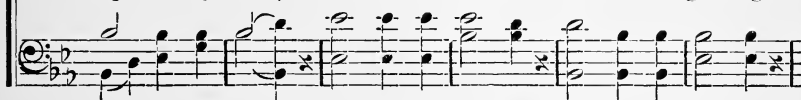
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



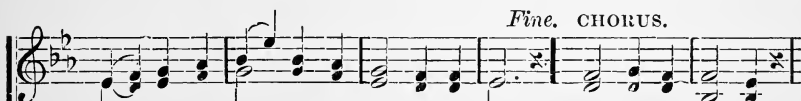
1. Come, Holy Spir- it, thee I am needing, That I be filled with the
2. Come, Holy Spir- it, dwell in me sweetly, Come to my heart all the
3. Come, Holy Spir- it, fill to o'erflowing, Give me an anthem down



life - giving bread; Spir- it of blessing, come while I'm pleading,
dross to consume; Come just this moment, fill me complete - ly,
deep in my heart; If thou shalt ev - er in me be glowing



D.S.—Promise of Je - sus, Comfort - er precious,

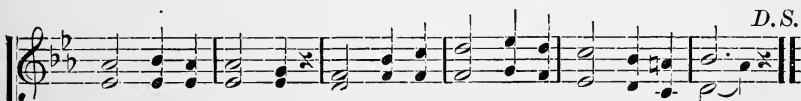


Fine. CHORUS.

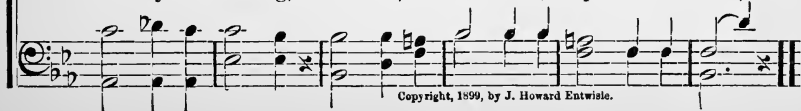
Come, that my poor hungry soul may be fed. Coming, be - lieving,
All my whole be - ing con- trol and illume.
I may to oth- ers rich blessings impart.



Thou art most welcome, O Spir- it of love.



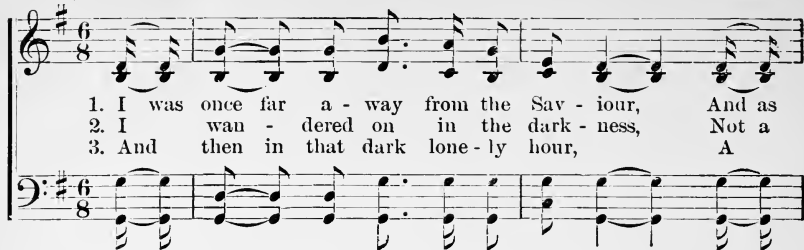
sweetly re - ceiving, Welcome, most welcome, O Spir- it of love;



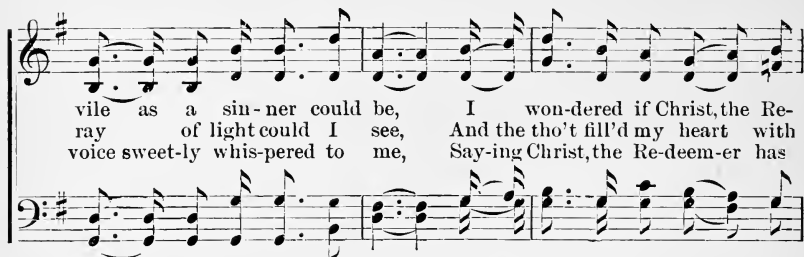
A Sinner Like Me.

C. J. B.

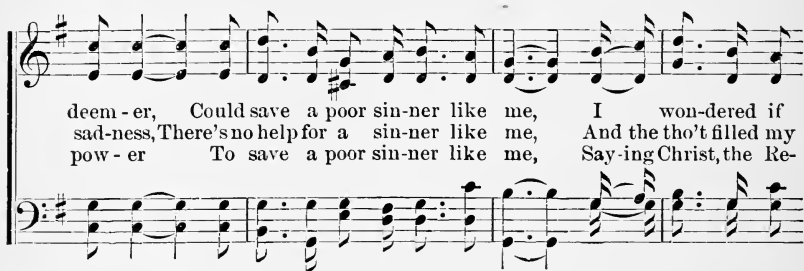
CHAS. J. BUTLER.



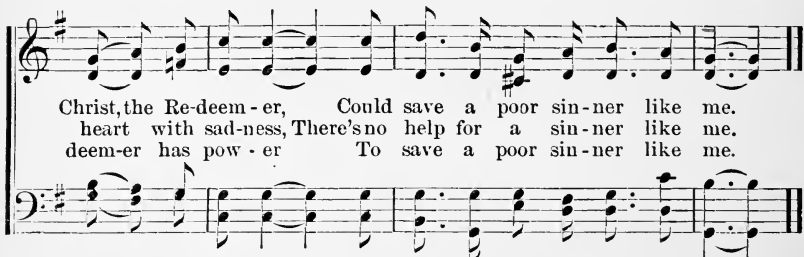
1. I was once far a - way from the Sav - iour, And as
 2. I wan - dered on in the dark - ness, Not a
 3. And then in that dark lone - ly hour, A



vile as a sin - ner could be, I won - dered if Christ, the Re -
 ray of light could I see, And the tho't fill'd my heart with
 voice sweet - ly whis - pered to me, Say - ing Christ, the Re - deem - er has



deem - er, Could save a poor sin - ner like me, I won - dered if
 sad - ness, There's no help for a sin - ner like me, And the tho't filled my
 pow - er To save a poor sin - ner like me, Say - ing Christ, the Re -



Christ, the Re - deem - er, Could save a poor sin - ner like me.
 heart with sad - ness, There's no help for a sin - ner like me.
 deem - er has pow - er To save a poor sin - ner like me.

4 I listened, and lo! 'twas the Saviour
 That was speaking so kindly to me;
 ||: I cried, I'm the chief of sinners,
 Oh, save a poor sinner like me. :||

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus;
 And oh, what a joy came to me:
 ||: My heart was filled with his praises,
 For saving a sinner like me. :||

6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
 For the light is now shining on me,
 ||: And now unto others I'm telling,
 How He saved a poor sinner like me. :||

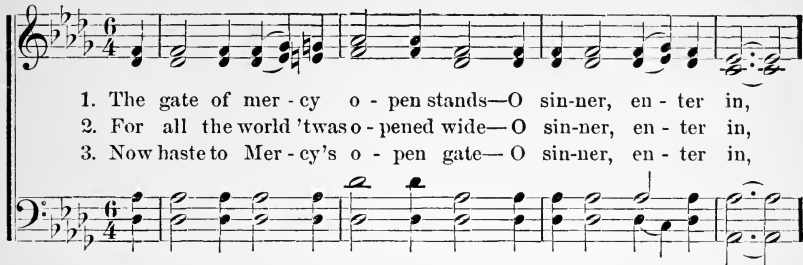
7 And when life's journey is over,
 And I the dear Saviour shall see,
 ||: I'll praise Him forever and ever,
 For saving a sinner like me. :||

Sinner, Enter In.

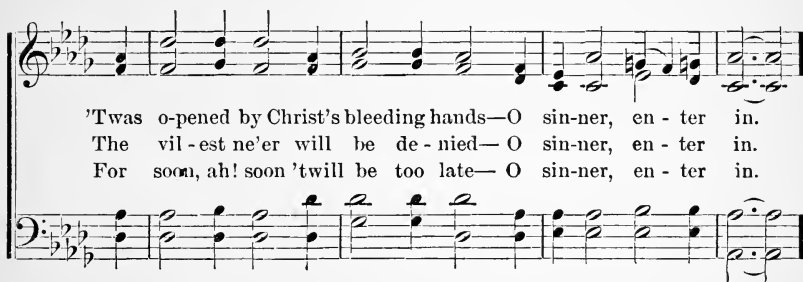
53

C. J. B.

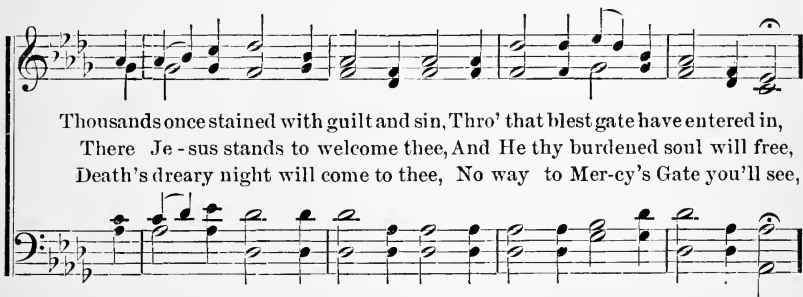
CHAS. J. BUTLER.



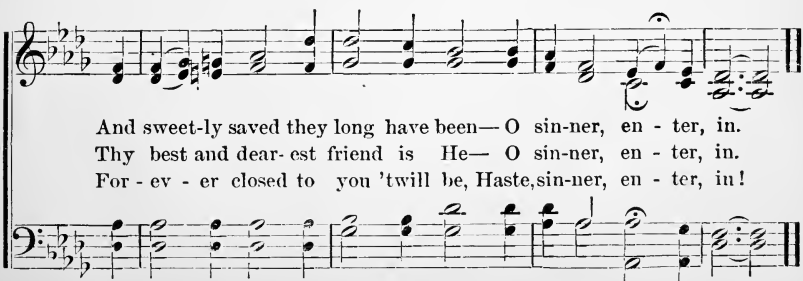
1. The gate of mer - cy o - pen stands—O sin-ner, en - ter in,
 2. For all the world 'twas o - pened wide—O sin-ner, en - ter in,
 3. Now haste to Mer - cy's o - pen gate—O sin-ner, en - ter in,



'Twas o-pened by Christ's bleeding hands—O sin-ner, en - ter in.
 The vil - est ne'er will be de - nied—O sin-ner, en - ter in.
 For soon, ah! soon 'twill be too late—O sin-ner, en - ter in.



Thousands once stained with guilt and sin, Thro' that blest gate have entered in,
 There Je - sus stands to welcome thee, And He thy burdened soul will free,
 Death's dreary night will come to thee, No way to Mer-cy's Gate you'll see,



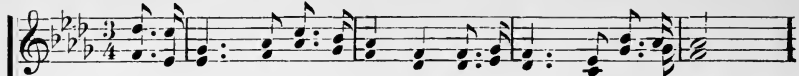
And sweet-ly saved they long have been—O sin-ner, en - ter, in.
 Thy best and dear-est friend is He—O sin-ner, en - ter, in.
 For - ev - er closed to you 'twill be, Haste, sin-ner, en - ter, in!

All the Way.

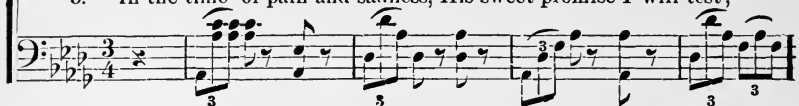
E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

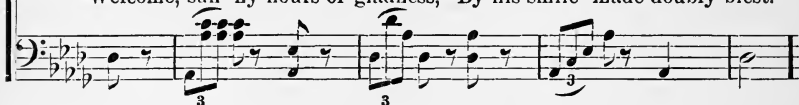
SOLO OR DUET.



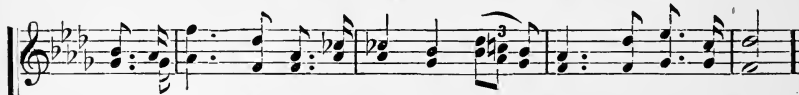
1. There's a veil that hangs before me, And an unknown pathway hides;
2. At the blood-stain'd cross he met me, Bade me look to him and live;
3. In the time of pain and sadness, His sweet promise I will test;



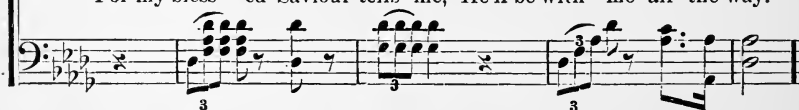
There's an eye that's watching o'er me, An almighty hand that guides.
 Tho' temptations shall be-set me, Overcoming power he'll give.
 Welcome, sunny hours of gladness, By his smile made doubly blest.



So I need not fear the morrow; Peace is in my heart to-day,
 There's a icy that shines about me, With a pure and heavenly ray,
 Every step that leads to glory Shall his wondrous love display,



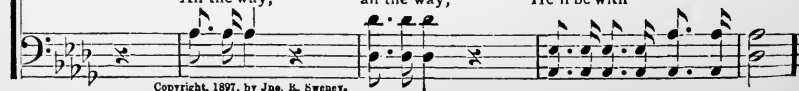
For my blessed Saviour tells me, He'll be with me all the way.



CHORUS.



All the way, all the way, He'll be with me all the way;
 All the way, all the way, He'll be with



O my bless - ed Saviour tells me, He'll be with me all the way.
O my blessed He'll be with

Jesus Brought me Back.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. Far from Christ I wandered, Sought for rest in vain, Till the loving
2. When I un - to Sa - tan Lent a list'n - ing ear, Soon my feet were
3. Mine was bit - ter anguish While from Christ a - stray, But since me he
4. In the ear of Je - sus Oft I breathe my pray'r, That he'd ev - er

CHORUS.

Shepherd Brought me back again. I'm so glad Christ found me, And
straying In the desert drear.
res - cued Joy - ous is the day.
keep me In his tender care.

brought me to his fold; Oh, the joy he gave me Nev - er can be told.

Once Upon a Stormy Ocean.

Arranged and harmonized by J. H. E.

1. Once up-on a storm-y o-cean Rode a bark at e-ven-tide,

While the waves in wild commotion Dashed against the ves-sel's side;

D.S.—While the winds were all a-broad Calm-ly slept the Son of God.

Je-sus sleeping on a pil-low Heed-ed not the rag-ing bil-low,

2 In that dark and stormy hour
Fearful ones awoke their Lord,
Jesus by his sovereign power
Calmed the tempest with a word;
Out on life's tempestuous ocean,
'Mid the billows' wild commotion,
Trembling soul, your Lord is there,
He will make you still his care.

3 Jesus knows your silent weeping
When before his cross you bow,
Never, never is he sleeping,
Where he reigns in glory now;
If the world be dark before thee,
And the billows rolling o'er thee,
Should thy soul with terror fill,
Hear Christ saying, "peace, be still."

57

The Old Folks' Hymn.

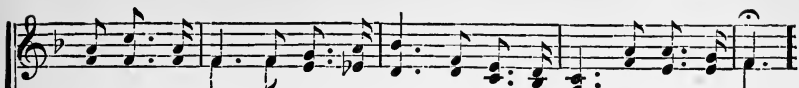
I was in the home of an aged couple one day; their little granddaughter went singing through the house, "What a friend we have in Jesus." The tears coursed down their wrinkled faces and they said, "those words we realize to be true in our case."—C. J. B.

C. J. B.

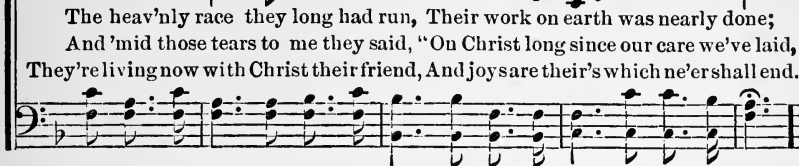

CHAS. J. BUTLER

1. I sat with-in a home one day With two whoselocks with age were gray,
2. The tears cours'd down their aged face, Where grief's rude hand had left its trace,
3. Those a-ged ones long years a-go In triumph left this world of woe;

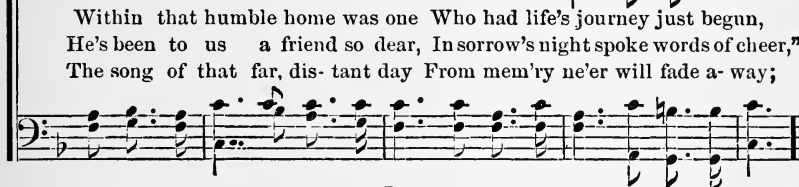

The Old Folks' Hymn.—CONCLUDED.



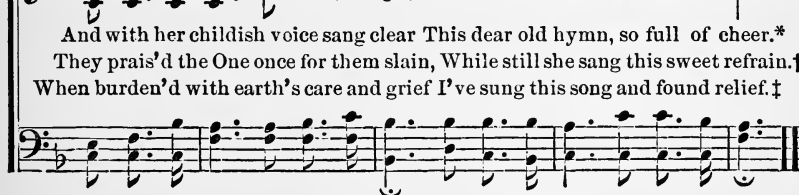
The heav'nly race they long had run, Their work on earth was nearly done;
And 'mid those tears to me they said, "On Christ long since our care we've laid,
They're living now with Christ their friend, And joys are their's which ne'er shall end.

Within that humble home was one Who had life's journey just begun,
He's been to us a friend so dear, In sorrow's night spoke words of cheer,"
The song of that far, dis- tant day From mem'ry ne'er will fade a- way;

And with her childish voice sang clear This dear old hymn, so full of cheer.*
They prais'd the One once for them slain, While still she sang this sweet refrain.†
When burden'd with earth's care and grief I've sung this song and found relief.‡

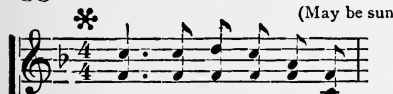


58

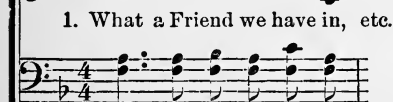
What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

(May be sung by a little girl.)

✱



1. What a Friend we have in, etc.



✱ 1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

‡ 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

‡ 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, sull our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there

Lost After All.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. 'Tis sad to think, that tho' some hear So many times, year af - ter year,
 2. The Saviour says, "come un - to me, I'll save your soul, I'll set you free,"
 3. Dear friends are in that land so fair, Perhaps they bade you meet them there,

The bless - ed gos - pel call,—God's love they spurn from day to day, Un -
 Oh, hear him sweetly call; Then, sin - ner, come, no long - er wait,—To -
 Your promise now re - call; They're watching for you down life's way, Oh,

til at last the an - gels say, "Lost af - ter all, lost af - ter all!"
 morrow it may be too late,—Lost af - ter all, lost af - ter all!
 will they ev - er have to say, "Lost af - ter all, lost af - ter all?"

Copyright, 1898, by J. Howard Entwisle.

4 Salvation why will you neglect?
 Why longer still do you reject
 The Holy Spirit's call?
 Oh, let it not of you be said
 These words so sad, when you are dead,
 "Lost after all, lost after all!"

5 Then come to Jesus, come just now,
 Low at his footstool humbly bow,
 He'll hear you when you call;
 Shall angels bear the joyful news?
 Or must they say, if you refuse,
 "Lost after all, lost after all?"

That Means Me.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

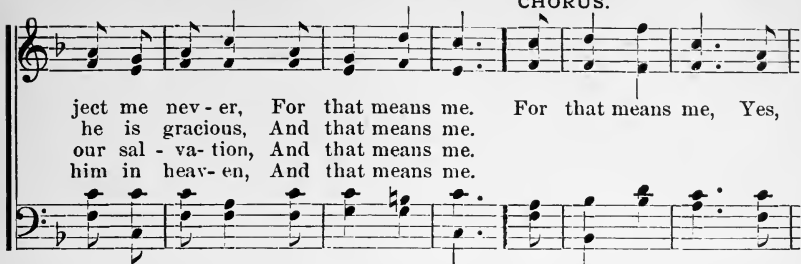
ADAM GEIBEL.

1. I read that who - so - ev - er May from wrath flee; God will re -
 2. His blood is ef - fi - cacious, His love is free; To sin - ners
 3. Christ died for ev - 'ry nation, On Cal - v'ry's tree: He died for
 4. I read the promise giv - en, That o'er death's sea, We'll live with

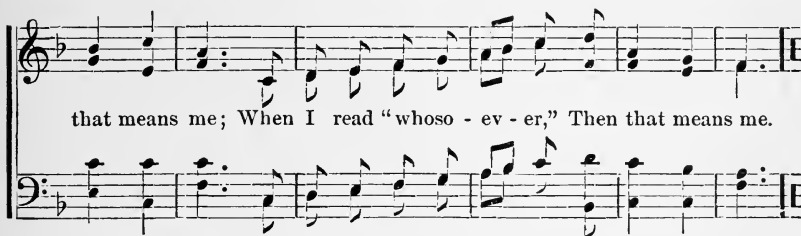
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That Means Me.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.



ject me nev - er, For that means me. For that means me, Yes,
he is gracious, And that means me.
our sal - va - tion, And that means me.
him in heav - en, And that means me.

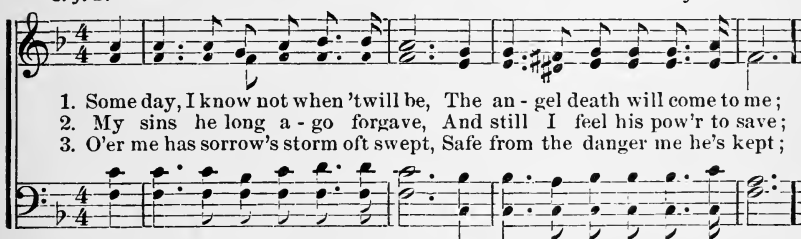


that means me; When I read "whoso - ev - er," Then that means me.

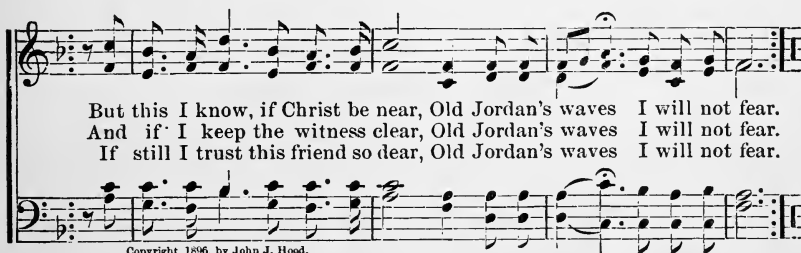
61 Old Jordan's Waves I do not Fear.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.



1. Some day, I know not when 'twill be, The an - gel death will come to me;
2. My sins he long a - go forgave, And still I feel his pow'r to save;
3. O'er me has sorrow's storm oft swept, Safe from the danger me he's kept;



But this I know, if Christ be near, Old Jordan's waves I will not fear.
And if I keep the witness clear, Old Jordan's waves I will not fear.
If still I trust this friend so dear, Old Jordan's waves I will not fear.

Copyright, 1896, by John J. Hood.

- 4 My lov'd ones they have cross'd the tide, 5 So when at death's cold brink I stand,
But safely cross'd with Christ their guide; My hand clasp'd in the Saviour's hand;
They sweetly whispered in my ear, I too shall shout in tones so clear,
Old Jordan's waves I do not fear. Old Jordan's waves I do not fear.

62

Beulah Land. (*Copyright.*)

I'VE reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

CHO.—O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,—
My heaven, my home for evermore!

2 My Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by his hand,
For this is heaven's border-land.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is borne from ever-vernal trees.
And flowers, that never-fading grow
Where streams of life forever flow.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels with the white-robed throng
Join in the sweet redemption song.

—Edgar Page.

63

Just as I am.

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

—Charlotte Elliott.

64

More about Jesus. (*Copyr't.*)

MORE about Jesus would I know,
More of his grace to others show;
More of his saving fullness see,
More of his love who died for me.

CHO.—More, more about Jesus,
More, more about Jesus;
More of his saving fullness see,
More of his love who died for me.

2 More about Jesus let me learn,
More of his holy will discern;
Spirit of God, my teacher be,
Showing the things of Christ to me.

3 More about Jesus; in his word,
Holding communion with my Lord;
Hearing his voice in every line,
Making each faithful saying mine.

4 More about Jesus; on his throne,
Riches in glory all his own;
More of his kingdom's sure increase;
More of his coming, Prince of Peace.

E. E. Hewitt.

65

Step Out on the Promise. (*Cop.*)

OMOURNER in Zion, how blessed art thou,
For Jesus is willing to comfort thee now,
Fear not to rely on the word of thy God;
Step out on the promise,—get under the
blood.

2 O ye that are hungry and thirsty, re-
joice! [sweet voice
For ye shall be filled; do you hear that
Inviting you now to the banquet of God?
Step out on the promise,—get under the
blood.

3 Who sighs for a heart from iniquity
free? [for thee,
O poor, troubled soul! there's a promise
There's rest, weary one, in the bosom of
God; [blood.
Step out on the promise,—get under the

4 Step out on the promise, and Christ you
shall win, [all sin,"
"The blood of his Son cleanseth us from
It cleanseth me now, hallelujah to God!
I rest on his promise,—I'm under the
blood.

5 The promise don't save tho' the prom-
ise is true; [eth us through,
'Tis the blood we get under that cleans-
It cleanses me now, hallelujah to God!
I rest on the promise,—I'm under the
blood.

Maggie Potter.

Music No. 149 in "Unfading Treasures."

66 The Haven of Rest. (Copy'r't.)
 My soul in sad exile was out on life's sea,
 So burdened with sin, and distrest,
 Till I heard a sweet voice saying, make
 me your choice;
 And I entered the "Haven of Rest!"

CHO.—I've anchored my soul in the haven
 I'll sail the wide seas no more; [of rest,
 The tempest may sweep o'er the wild,
 stormy deep,
 In Jesus I'm safe evermore.

2 I yielded myself to his tender embrace,
 And faith taking hold of the word,
 My fetters fell off, and I anchored my soul;
 The haven of rest is my Lord.

3 The song of my soul, since the Lord
 made me whole,
 Has been the OLD STORY so blest
 Of Jesus, who'll save whosoever will have
 A home in the "Haven of Rest!"

4 How precious the thought that we all
 may recline,
 Like John the beloved and blest,
 On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest
 can harm,—
 Secure in the "Haven of Rest!"

5 Oh, come to the Saviour, he patiently
 To save by his power divine; [waits
 Come, anchor your soul in the haven of
 And say, "my Beloved is mine." [rest,
 —H. L. Gilmour.

Music No. 271 in "Unfading Treasures."

67 Keep Close to Jesus. (Copy'r't.)
 WHEN you start for the land of heavenly
 Keep close to Jesus all the way; [rest,
 For he is the Guide, and he knows the way
 Keep close to Jesus all the way. [best,

CHO —||: Keep close to Jesus, :||
 Keep close to Jesus all the way; [right,
 By day or by night never turn from the
 Keep close to Jesus all the way.

2 Never mind the storms or trials as you
 Keep close to Jesus all the way; [go,
 'Tis a comfort and joy his favor to know,
 Keep close to Jesus all the way.

3 To be safe from the darts of the evil
 Keep close to Jesus all the way; [one,
 Take the shield of faith till the victory is
 Keep close to Jesus all the way. [won,

4 We shall reach our home in heaven by
 and bye,
 Keep close to Jesus all the way;
 Where to those we love we'll never say
 good-bye,

Keep close to Jesus all the way.

—John Lane.

Music No. 122 in "Unfading Treasures."

68 At the Cross. (Copyright.)
 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?

CHO.—At the cross, at the cross,
 Where I first saw the light, [way,
 And the burden of my heart rolled a-
 It was there by faith
 I received my sight,
 And now I am happy all the day.

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity, grace unknown,
 And love beyond degree!

3 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do!

—I. Watts.

Music No. 90 in "Love and Praise No. 1."

69 He is Mine, I am His. (Copy'r't.)
 BLESSED Lily of the Valley, oh, how fair
 He is mine, I am his; [is he!
 Sweeter than the angel's music is his voice
 He is mine, I am his. [to me,
 Where the lilies fair are blooming by the
 waters calm,
 There he leads me, and upholds me by his
 strong right arm;

All the air is love around me, I can feel no
 He is mine, I am his. [harm,

CHO.—Lily of the valley, he is mine!
 Lily of the valley, I am his! [to me,
 Sweeter than the angel's music is his voice
 He is mine, I am his.

2 Let me sing of all his mercies, of his
 He is mine, I am his; [kindness true,
 Fresh at morn, and in the evening, comes
 He is mine, I am his! [a blessing new,
 With the deep'ning shadows comes a whis-
 per, "safely rest!"

Sleep in peace, for I am near thee, naught
 shall thee molest;

I will linger till the morning, keeper, friend
 He is mine, I am his. [and guest,"

3 Tho' he lead me thro' the valley of the
 He is mine, I am his; [shade of death,
 Should I fear, when, oh, so tenderly he
 He is mine, I am his! [whispereth,
 For the sunshine of his presence doth il-
 lume the night,

And he leads me thro' the valley to the
 mountain height;

Out of bondage into freedom, into cloud-
 He is mine, I am his. [less light,

—Grace Elizabeth Cobb.

70 Is my Name Written There. (Cop.)

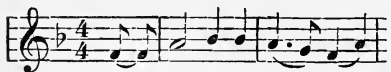


LORD, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.
In the book of thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,
Is my name written there?

CHO.—Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair?
In the book of thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?

- 2 Lord, my sins are so many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But thy blood, oh, my Saviour!
Is sufficient for me;
For thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."
- 3 Oh! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh,
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching—
Is my name written there?—M. A. K.

71 My Jesus, I Love Thee. (Cop.)



MY Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
For thee all the follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art thou,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

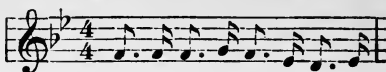
2 I love thee because thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow;
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

3 I will love thee in life, I'll love thee in death,
And praise thee as long as thou lendest me
breath; [my brow,
And say, when the death-dew lies cold on
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight
I'll ever adore thee in heaven so bright,
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

—London Hymn Book.

72 Standing on the Promises. (Cop.)



STANDING on the promises of Christ my King,
Thro' eternal ages let his praises ring;
Glory in the highest I will shout and sing,
Standing on the promises of God.

CHO.—Standing, standing, [our;
Standing on the promises of God my Sav-
Standing, standing.
I'm standing on the promises of God.

2 Standing on the promises that cannot fail,
When the howling storms of doubt and fear
assail,

By the living word of God I shall prevail,
Standing on the promises of God.

3 Standing on the promises I now can see
Perfect, present cleansing in the blood for me;
Standing in the liberty where Christ makes
Standing on the promises of God. [free,

4 Standing on the promises of Christ the Lord,
Bound to him eternally by love's strong cord,
Overcoming daily with the Spirit's sword,
Standing on the promises of God.

5 Standing on the promises I cannot fall,
List'ning ev'ry moment to the Spirit's call,
Resting in my Saviour, as my all in all,
Standing on the promises of God.

—R. Kelso Carter.

73 We'll Never Say Good By. (Cop.)



OUR friends on earth we meet with pleas-
ure,
While swift the moments fly,
Yet ever comes the thought of sadness
That we must say good by.

CHO.—We'll never say good by in heav'n,
We'll never say good by,
For in that land of joy and song,
We'll never say good by.

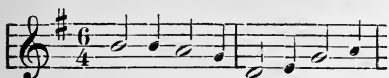
2 How joyful is the thought that lingers,
When loved ones cross death's sea,
That when our labors here are ended,
With them we'll ever be.

3 No parting words shall e'er be spoken
In that bright land of flowers,
But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness,
Shall evermore be ours.

—Mrs. E. W. Chapman.

74

Fill Me Now. (Copyright.)



HOVER o'er me, Holy Spirit;
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
Fill me with thy hallow'd presence,
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHO.—Fill me now, fill me now,
Jesus, come, and fill me now;
Fill me with thy hallow'd presence,—
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

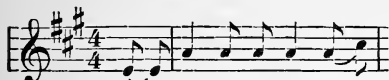
2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I cannot tell thee how;
But I need thee, greatly need thee,
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with power, and fill me now.

4 Cleanse and comfort; bless and save
me;
Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow!
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.
—Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D.

75

It is Good to be Here. (Copyright.)



WHILE we bow in thy name,
Oh, meet us again,
Fill our hearts with the light of thy love;
May the Spirit of grace,
And the smiles of thy face,
Gently fall on us now from above.

REF.—||: It is good to be here, :||
Thy perfect love now drives away all our
fear, [way all clear,
And light streaming down makes the path—
It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

2 Our souls long for thee;
Oh, may we now see
A sin-cleansing blood-wave appear;
And feel, as it rolls
In power o'er our souls,
It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

3 Thou art with us, we know;
We feel the sweet flow [tide;
Of the sin-cleansing wave's gladd'ning
We are washed from our sin,
Made all holy within,
And in Jesus we sweetly abide.

—Rev. I. N. Wilson.

76

Sunshine in the Soul. (Copyright.)



THERE'S sunshine in my soul to-day,
More glorious and bright
Than glows in any earthly sky,
For Jesus is my light.

CHO.—Oh, there's sunshine, blessed sun-
shine, [roll;
When the peaceful, happy moments
When Jesus shows his smiling face
There is sunshine in the soul.

2 There's music in my soul to-day,
A carol to my King,
And Jesus, listening, can hear
The songs I cannot sing.

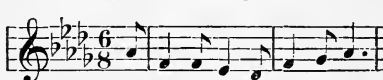
3 There's springtime in my soul to-day,
For when the Lord is near
The dove of peace sings in my heart,
The flowers of grace appear.

4 There's gladness in my soul to-day,
And hope, and praise, and love,
For blessings which he gives me now,
And joys "laid up" above.

—E. E. Hewitt.

77

Jesus is Passing By. (Copyright.)



COME, contrite one, and seek his grace,
Jesus is passing by;
See in his reconciled face
The sunshine of the sky.

CHO.—Passing by, passing by,
Hasten to meet him on the way,
Jesus is passing to-day,
Passing by, passing by.

2 Come, hungry one, and tell your need,
Jesus is passing by;
The Bread of Life your soul will feed,
And fully satisfy.

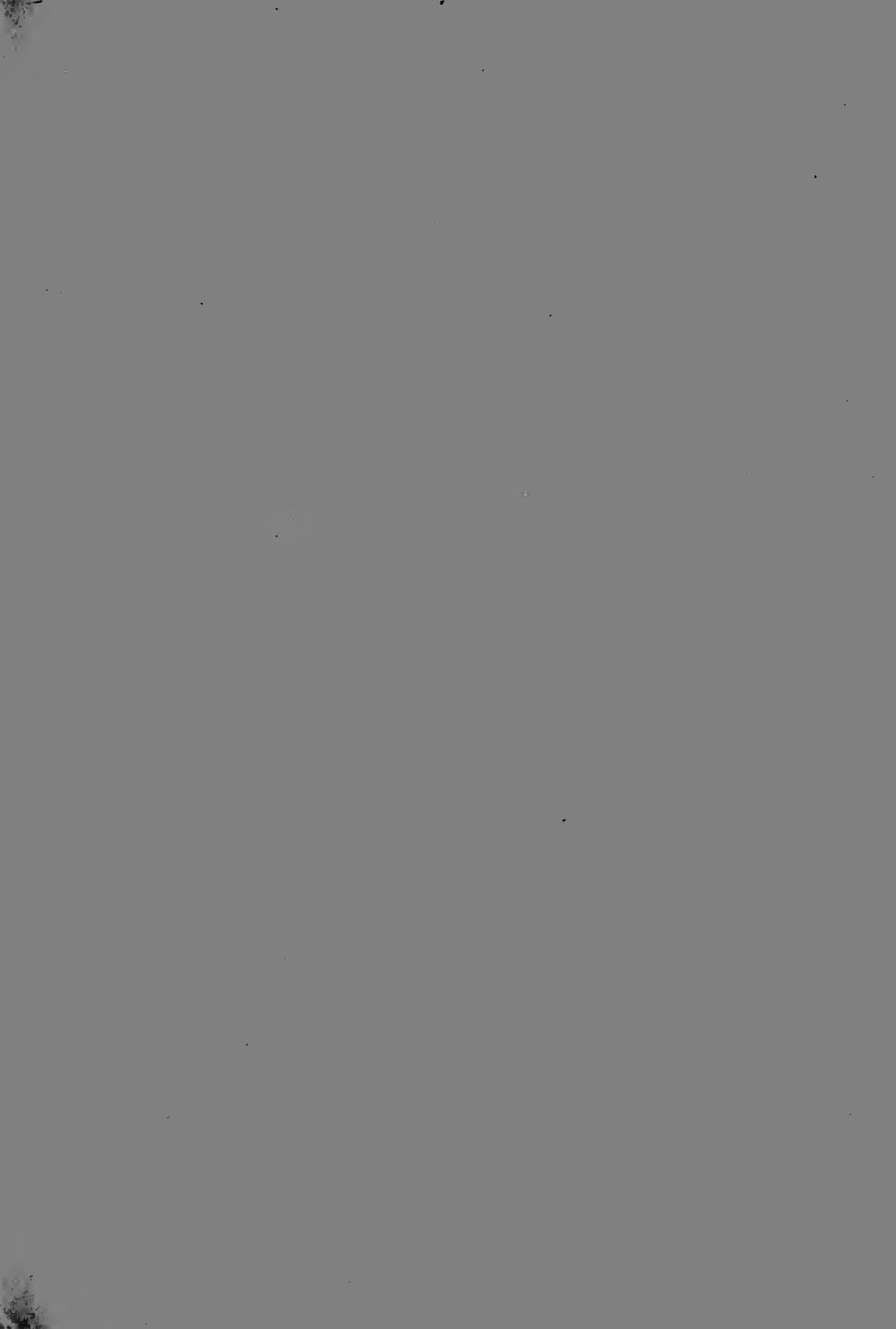
3 Come, weary one, and find sweet rest,
Jesus is passing by;
Come where the longing heart is bless'd,
And on his bosom lie.

4 Come, burdened one, bring all your
care,
Jesus is passing by;
The love that listens to your prayer,
Will "no good thing" deny.

—E. E. Hewitt.

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